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The Emersonian

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VOLUME VIII

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THE STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION
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672



In appreciation of her unfailing kindness and generosity,
combined with her keen sympathy and deep understanding,
do we dedicate this book,
as a tribute of gratitude,
to one whose students are her friends.

Elvie Burnett Williard

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YEAR BOOK BOARD

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To Our Professors

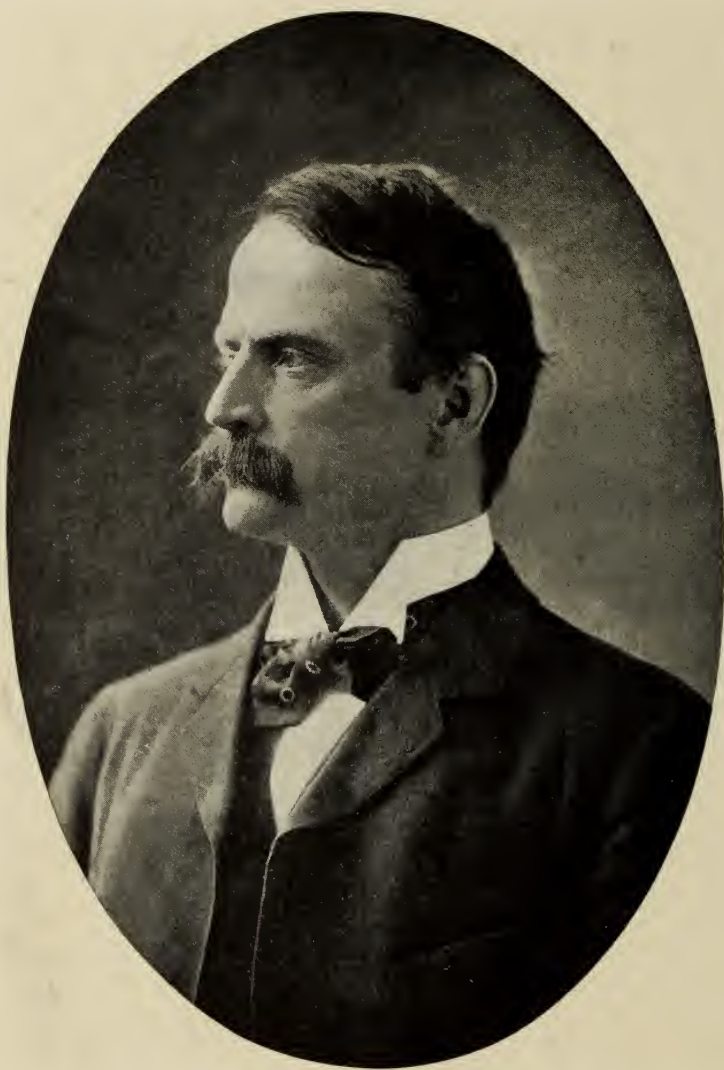
Who have been an inspiration and a guide,
who have been our loyal friends and wise
advisers, and have directed us to the road
of personal development, at the end of which
stands the vision of true art, created for us
by our Emerson Faculty.



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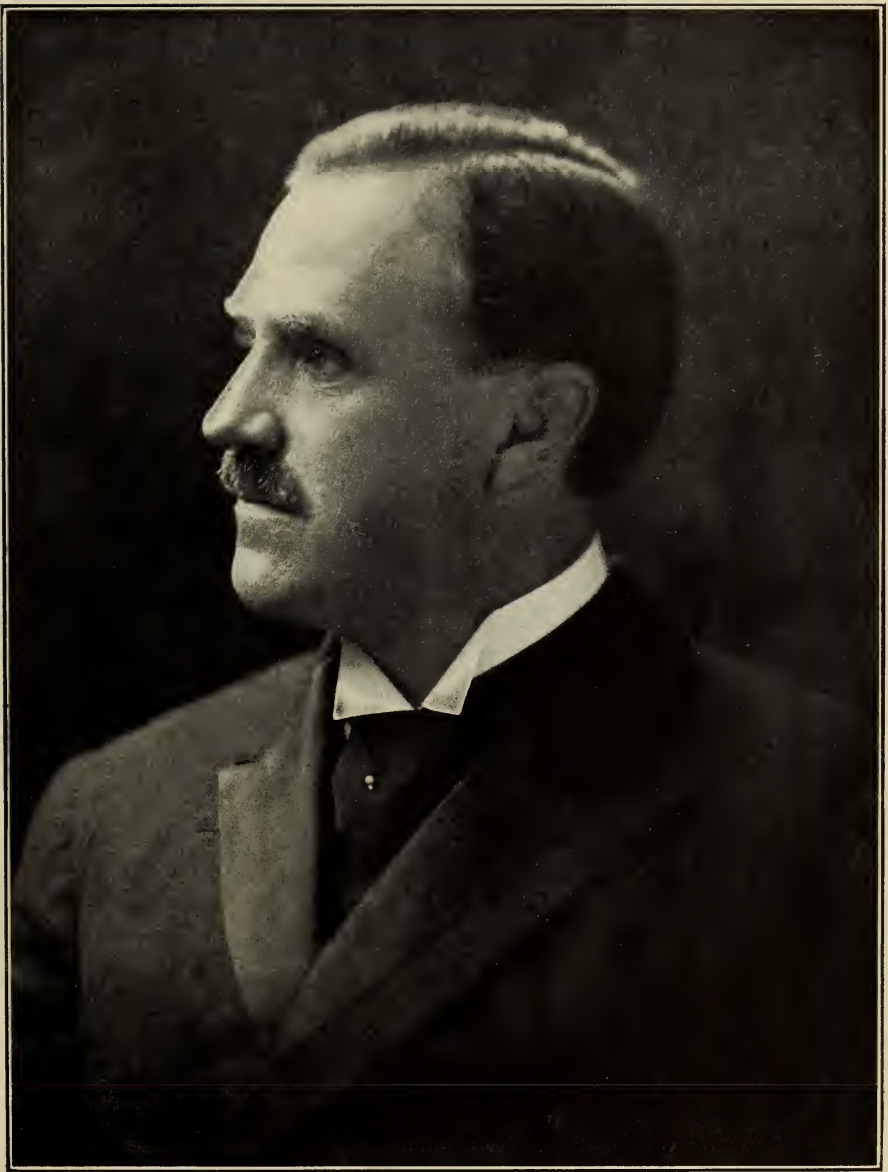


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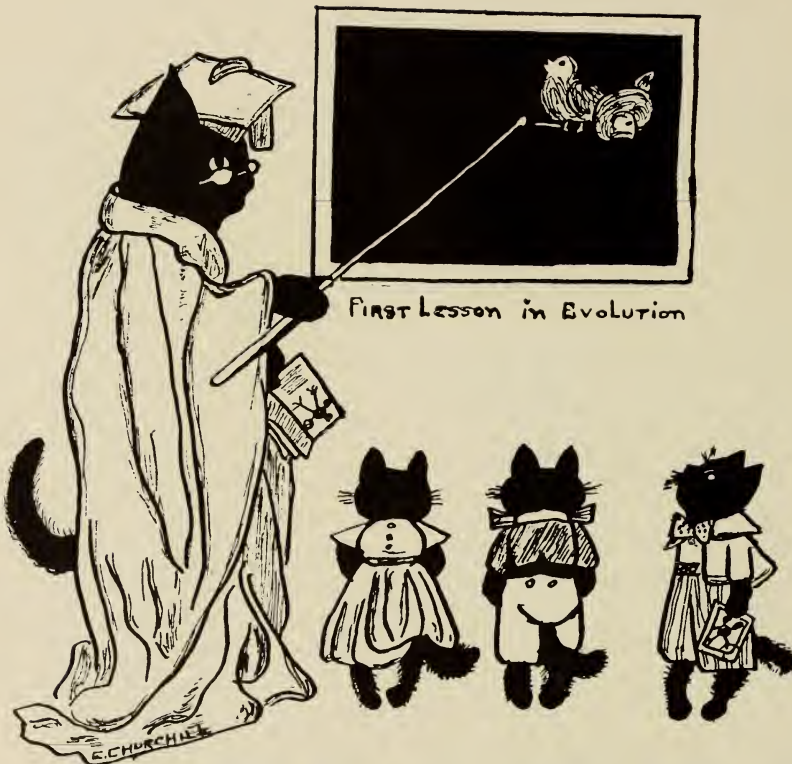


HARRIET C. SLEIGHT

ANATOMY; PHYSIOLOGY; HYGIENE; INTERPRETATION



ROBERT HOWES BURNHAM
MAKE UP



SENIORS

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CLASS FLOWER
Jack Rose

CLASS COLOR
Red and White

Ye Tale of the 1915 Pilgrims

(With Apologies to Chaucer)

When that Commencement with its teas and dances,
Had given maids their last glimpse of romances;
And saddened every heart with tears and sighs,
(For there is something bitter in "good-byes")—
When inspiration blew with her sweet-e breath-e,
Inspiring many a heart with visions great-e,
The Senior maidens, now with charms endow-èd;
And all the bearing which their years allow-èd,
Were given sheep-skins as a goode reward-e;
A gift they welcomed each with one accord-e.
When admired sages from the Faculty-e,
Had giv'n advice on that which they fore-see-e,
Then calleth fame — in distance very small-e,
For inspiration answers many futile call-es!
And maidens for to seek-e fame and art-e,
Must travel far their knowledge to impart-e.
Bifel that in that season on a day,
At Emersonian College where we lay,
Ready to wander on our pilgrimage,
With heart-es strong, and full devout courag-e,
A maid spoke up with smile and wisely said-e,
That Senior pilgrims might seek art together!
That each upon a horse might gayly ride-e,
And each with friends arrayed on either side-e,
And each might pass away the tyme-e,
By adapting Evolution verse to Senior rhyme-e.
And so upon that great Commencement Day,
The Seniors all made plans to ride away;
And just as Phœbus rose high in the sky-e,
The Faculty and students came to bid "good-by-e,"
And when the last farewells at length were said-e,
They journeyed forth in fellowship together.
Methinketh it accordant to reason
To tell you about the position of each of them,
Just as it seemed to me,— the verse they
wrote and of what degree,
Pardon for the jest that they are in-ne,
At Helen Baxter I will first begin-ne.



HELEN R. BAXTER, $\Delta\Delta\Phi$
 124 Morgantown Street,
 Uniontown, Pennsylvania

Parties and fancy balls,
 And one clear call for me;
 And yet there are no zeroes or bad marks,
 When I put out to see!

C. EVELYN BENJAMIN,
 Marshfield, Vermont

Secretary of Y. W. C. A., '14
 Vice-President of Y. W. C. A., '15

Little thinks, in the school, Miss Ben-
 jamin,
 Of the work in secret thou hast done!
 Nor knowest thou what sentiment
 To Christian meetings thou hast lent.





GRACE M. BIGLER,

Greenville, Ohio

Class Vice-President, '14
Junior Marshal,
Picture Committee, '15
Senior Stunt Committee

We cannot choose but think upon the
time
When in our play you well did take
your part;
And acted such, that our absorbing minds
Felt "Everystudent" well did follow
art.

VERA BRADFORD,

Shirley, Massachusetts

Chairman Ring Committee, '15

"The class is all a stage,
And all the men and women merely
maidens.
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one maid in her time plays many
parts,
Your best being Signior Gremio!"





FRANCES BRADLEY, KTX

Talcottville, Connecticut

Treasurer Canadian Club, '14

President Canadian Club, '15

Oh, the prim little maid! Through the
college days

Imprisoned in *savoir-faire!*

She never lost heart, though she heard
many things,

And manners were shocking and rare.

And well could they merrily laugh "Ha!
Ha!"

In a chorus coarse and loud;

This precise little maiden would stick to
her creed,—

Bad manners she'd never allow!

LOLA S. BROMLEY,

1532 North 15th Street,

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

I change my room from day to day,

I never can get settled!

I move right in and move away,

'Til now I'm sorely nettled.





EMILY F. BROWN, ΦΜΓ

Chocowinity, North Carolina

Stunt Committee, '13
 Cap and Gown Committee, '15
 President Southern Club, '15
 Chairman Commencement Program
 Senior Stunt Committee

Talent is something, but tact is everything. Tact is useful in all places and at all times. It is useful in college for it shows Emily the way *into* the world. It is useful in society for it shows her the way *through* the world.

HAZEL E. COLE,

Midvale, Ohio

Good-bye, kind world, I'm going home!
 Thou hast been my friend and I've
 been thine!
 Long through the classrooms I have
 roamed —
 Until Dan Cupid gave his sign.
 Long I've been tossed like the driven
 foam —
 And now, kind world, I'll make *his* home.





SARA W. COLEMAN,
Portsmouth, Virginia

Glee Club

Here's to the natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform — is dili-
gent to learn —
Abides by this resolve, and stops not
there;
But makes her *teaching* vision her prime
care.

ALICE M. CONANT,
New Haven, Vermont

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '14
Chairman Silver Bay Committee, '15

Right to the school the wild news came,
Far flashing on its wings of fame!
Swift as Love's gay royal page,
Miss Conant is indeed "engaged."





ALICE M. EVANS, KFX

Masonville, New Jersey

Cap and Gown Committee, '15
Senior Stunt Committee

A cheerful person is pre-eminently a useful person. She knows that there is misery, but that misery is not the rule of life. Therefore she is not only happy herself, but causes the happiness of others.

REBECCA C. FARWELL, ZΦH

32 High Street,
Turner's Falls, MassachusettsClass President, '12
Magazine Board, '15
Picture Committee, '15
Senior Stunt Committee

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Read another verse,
Let thy voice endear it,
Pourest thy full heart in
Profuse strains of unmediated art!





EDNA W. FISHER,
Watsonstown, Pennsylvania

Why I see her now in Dramatic Art,
Where she played so well the old man's
part:
The rasping voice — and her face — ah,
me!
Wasn't it rich for the class to see
Such skill right here in college?

EDWIN D. FLANDERS, JR., ΣΑΕ, ΦΑΤ
52 Amherst Street,
Nashua, New Hampshire

Stunt Committee, '14, '15
Senior Stunt Committee

Fear to recite? To feel the fog in his
throat,
The blush on his face;
When the "roll" begins, and the verse
denotes
He is nearing the place —
The trembling of knees — all confidence
gone,
The glance of the foe,
And she stands — the *Arch Fear* in a
visible form!
Yet the strong man must go!





MINNIE B. FRAZINE, KTX
309 Chase Street,
Kane, Pennsylvania

Year Book Board, '13
Member Students' Council, '14
Member Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '15

Out of silence comes thy strength.
Silence is boundless, never by meditating
to be exhausted — unspeakably profitable
to thee!

HELEN L. GEORGE,
Bedford, New Hampshire

Glee Club
Senior Stunt Committee

At college it was — at the Senior play,
And she looked like a queen in a book
'tis said,
With the mark of art upon her brow,
And a crown of gold on her head.





AMY GILDERSLEEVE,
Gildersleeve, Connecticut

Ring Committee, '15
Senior Stunt Committee

Then she said: "I covet truth:
Playing is unripe childhood's cheat,
I leave it behind with the games of
youth."
Labor through her senses stole,
And she yielded herself to the perfect
whole.

MARGUERITE A. GRUNEWALD, KFX
2134 Sedgewick Street,
Chicago, Illinois

Member Students' Council, '13
Vice-President Students' Council, '14
Member Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '15

Miss Kindly is nice to everyone, and has been for so long that none can remember to the contrary. The little Freshmen love her. She helped them with their lessons and smiled upon them many weeks ago.





LOUISE HAINLINE, KTX
420 North McArthur Street,
Macomb, Illinois

Junior Week Committee, '14
Vice-President Students' Council, '15
President Glee Club, '15
Senior Stunt Committee

Friends, classmates, and Seniors! Hear
me for my cause.
And be silent that you may hear;
Organize a Glee Club and have respect
for my judgment:
Awake your voices that you may the
better sing!

GEORGETTE H. JETTÉ, KTX
Danielson, Connecticut

Stunt Committee, '14, '15
Year Book Board, '15
Senior Stunt Committee

Who is the happy maiden? Who is she?
That every girl her friend should wish to
be.

It is the gracious spirit, who when brought
Among the tasks of school hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased her class-
mate's thought.

Whose high endeavors are an inward
light
That makes the path before her always
bright.





CAROLYN E. JONES, ΦΜΓ

5829 Phillips Avenue,
Pittsburg, Pennsylvania

Senior Stunt Committee

What a naughty tale you told me
Once upon a time!
Said you *cut no classes* (scold me),
Was it luck, or was it mind?
Brains or bluffing? *Bluff* you said,
When your Prose Forms themes you read.

ALBERT R. LOVEJOY, ΦΑΤ

42 Cherry Street,
Gardner, Massachusetts

Class Secretary, '13, '14, '15
Stunt Committee, '13, '14, '15
Chairman Stunt Committee, '14, '15
Junior Week Committee, '14
Business Manager Year Book, '14, '15

In Emerson man lives all lives. The man of genius knows within himself the trials of a Co-ed school, for having been in class and seen each girl he can realize the possibilities of man. To his judgment all problems fall and are solved. Troubles arise but what are *they* to him?





JESSIE MACALONEY,
Fairview, Halifax County,
Nova Scotia

Glee Club

She was Baptista — just a little girl
Of fifty inches, bound to show no dread.
Yet she was brave and mannish-like did
play
Her part, and stalked about with
lordly tread.

JEAN C. MACDONALD, ZΦE
3106 Pacific Avenue,
Tacoma, Washington

Member Students' Council, '14, '15
Class President, '14, '15

Oh, Jean MacDonald's come out of the
West!
In Senior elections her name was the best;
And save her good sceptre, she weapons
has none,
She rules all un-armed and she rules all
alone!





LOUISE L. MACE,

Russell Street,
• Huntington, Massachusetts

Chairman Cheer Committee

"This girl has really worked," the teachers said,
And so we learned — *work* was with
glory wed.

GENEVIEVE M. MACGILL, KTX
Sayre, Pennsylvania

Glee Club

But you do know music — Wherefore
Keep on casting pearls
To a — singer? All we care for
Is to tell you that a *real*
Voice comes aptly in when gruff
Grows *our* singing — (There, enough.)





NELLIE MARRINAN,
Brisbin, Clearfield County,
Pennsylvania

Chairman Cap and Gown Committee

Better than all measures
Of delight and sound!
Better than all treasures
That in books are found!
Thy jokes in classes are —
Thou jester of renown!

LAURA MAE MEREDITH,
1926 Fifth Avenue,
Troy, New York

Chairman Junior Week Committee

'Tis she whose law is reason — who de-
pends
Upon that law as on the best of friends;
Who comprehends her trust, and to the
same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim!





MAY M. MILLER, KTX
14 Astor Place,
Yonkers, New York

Stunt Committee, '14, '15
Junior Week Committee, '14
Class Vice-President, '15

When luncheon time is over she stands
up in the hall,
To try and catch a glimpse of her, in
hopes that she might call.
Most every day at recess, and sometimes
after class,
Miss Miller and "her teacher" are often
known to pass.

GERTRUDE MORRISON, ZΦE
85 Glen Street,
East Somerville, Massachusetts

Stunt Committee, '13
Class Cheer Leader, '15

Always there and never here,
We have missed her much this year.
That sunny smile, those bright red beads,
The Senior cheers she always leads!
The roll call now for many a day
Repeats its dreary roundelay,
Morrison — Will come?
Will come? — Morrison.





ETHEL M. NEEL,

Cornelia, Georgia

Year Book Board, '13

I chatter, chatter, as I go,
Exhaust my subject never!
Some may talk fast, and some talk slow,
But I talk on forever!

LOIS PERKINS, ΔΔΦ

1 Sachem Terrace,
Norwich, Connecticut

Stunt Committee, '15
Song Committee, '15
Editor-in-Chief Year Book, '15

Ye call her chief — and ye do well to
call her chief who for four long months
'mid toil and tribulation has fashioned
this book from that which the broad
scope of Emerson has furnished, and for
all services now gives her most hearty
thanks.





BEATRICE E. PERRY, ΦMG

296 North Main Street,
Reading, Massachusetts

Senior Stunt Committee

Sink or swim, live or die, she cannot
play a man's part. It is true indeed
that she was ever lady-like and aimed
not at independence. But there's a
divinity which shapes her end.

OLIVIA PRIVETT,

Jacksonville, Alabama

Picture Committee
Senior Stunt Committee

Oh, woman! in our hours of work
You cheer us — you who never shirk!
When pain and anguish wring the brow
A ministering angel thou!





MARGUERITE SEIBEL, ZΦE
55 Church Street,
Pittston, Pennsylvania

Member Students' Council, '15
Senior Stunt Committee

Tell us, Marguerite,
What strange thoughts are thine!
We'll the secret keep
If thou wilt be kind
And tell the inner thoughts which
Flash across thy mind!

ALBERT F. SMITH, ΦAT
East Haddam, Connecticut

Business Manager Magazine, '13, '14, '15
Class President, '13
Member Students' Council, '13
Stunt Committee, '13, '14
Class Treasurer, '14, '15

Had we but plenty of money — money
enough and to spare,
The dues we owe no doubt we'd pay to
him with greatest care;
Ah, such is life! Such as life, which he
leads as treasurer there!





JENNIE P. SMITH,

91 Broad Street,
Charleston, South Carolina

Glee Club
Magazine Board, '15
Senior Stunt Committee

Oh, Jennie Smith, thy love for tragic
readings
Has made a deep impression on our
minds!
You carry us through woe past all be-
lieving.
Wild Spirit! Thy voice grows gray with
tragic fear:
We tremble and despoil ourselves — to
hear!

VERDA A. SNYDER,
Readysville, Maryland

Member Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '14, '15
Chairman Music Committee, '15

We must be in chapel now that she is
there,
For whoever goes to chapel sees some
morning unaware,
A girl who takes attendance as she goes
her usual round.
And if we are not present our names are
written down.
So be wary of Miss Snyder — excuse
she'll not allow,
In chapel — now!





RUTH SOUTHWICK, ΔΔΦ
281 Tappan Street,
Brookline, Massachusetts

Commencement Committee, '15
Senior Stunt Committee

Fear life? No, let her taste the whole of
it,
Fare like her peers, the heroines of old;
Take her chance — in a minute have glad
life's arrears,
Of luck, success, and fine gold!

ELIZABETH M. STURDEVANT, KΓΧ
Silver City, New Mexico

Senior Stunt Committee

Even as she spoke, her frame, renewed
In eloquence of attitude,
Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher,
Then swept a kindling glance of fire.
Her fortune and her work are blest,
She's hailed as one of the "crew's best."





MARION F. VINCENT, ΦΜΓ

Pittsford, New York

Magazine Board, '13
 Chairman Stunt Committee, '13
 Stunt Committee, '13, '14, '15
 Member Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '13, '14, '15
 Chairman Silver Bay Committee, '14
 Chairman Devotional Committee, '15
 Treasurer Glee Club, '15
 Associate Editor Year Book, '15

She plays her parts they tell us
 As he pronounced them to her,
 Trip-pingly on the tongue!

MABEL E. WARREN,

Richland, Missouri

Senior Stunt Committee

If she were caught at a "sermonette,"
 And a pen was wanted for her need,
 She'd kill all joy, and trill her fret —
 She could not sketch nor draw indeed!





GLADYSMAE WATERHOUSE,
South Poland, Maine

Member Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '14, '15
Chairman Visiting Committee, '14
Year Book Board, '14, '15
Member Students' Council, '14

Aye and even to the ending,
Artist's sketch at need!
Execute the hand's intending,
Promptly, perfectly indeed.
Save the Class Book from defeat,
With their drawings quite unique.

MARION A. WELLS, KTX
24 Union Street,
Watertown, Massachusetts

Glee Club
Treasurer Y. W. C. A., '15
Member Students' Council, '15

This girl is relieved and gay when she has put her heart into her work and done her best; but what she has said or done otherwise shall give her no peace.





FLORENCE WESTBROOK,

Waverly, New York

I have a little shadow that goes in and
out with me,
And what can be the use of her, is just
what I can see.
She is nearly always with me and fol-
lows me around
And if you'd like to know her name —
inquire of Harriet Brown.

NAOMI WILLIAMSON, KTX

903 North Spruce Street,
La Grande, Oregon

Her hard work carves her future years,
Her earnest thought endures;
Her life is one she need not fear,
Because her mind is sure.



ALICE F. WHITE, ZΦE

57 West 75th Street,
New York City

Junior Week Committee, '14

Thy cares seem empires, known to none
 save thee;
Responsibilities and work — what are
 they?
And yet these troubles worry you — we
 see,
Care writes no wrinkle on thy youthful
 brow
Just as it always was — so it is now!

OLIVE R. GROVER,

Nahant, Massachusetts

CAROLINE RICHARDS,

Hotel Oxford,
Boston, Massachusetts

Epilogue

My goodly friends, at last each verse is said-e,
The Seniors now ride forth in life together.
I pray of your fair courtes-ie
To accuse we not of villain-ie,
Though I have spoke plainly in my sentiments,
But thoughts and jesting now are sorely spent.
In this tale I've told how each one stand-es,
My wit is short, you may well understand-e.
May the future show you all a brilliant sun-ne,
Farewell to all and blessings on each one-e.

Prophecy — Seniors

BY

GEORGETTE JETTÉ

Such has been the influence on the minds of the Seniors of the arduous study of "The Taming of the Shrew" and "Romeo and Juliet," that it has affected their whole future.

HELEN BAXTER

In her one sees the promise of romance and the possibility of tragedy.

EVELYN BENJAMIN

"How but well, dear, how but well,
It were impossible you should speed amiss."

GRACE BIGLER

"Having thrust yourself into the maze,
Crowns in your purse you'll have, and goods at home."

VERA BRADFORD

Now are you for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in."

FRANCES BRADLEY

"I think she'll sooner prove a good soldier,
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes."

MRS. BROMLEY

"Lord, lord, you shall be a joyful woman."

EMILY BROWN

"You shall have honours that you dream not of."

HAZEL COLE

"Many a morning shall you be seen
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with your deep sighs."

SARA COLEMAN

"So hast thou shown us friendship,
Live and be prosperous; and farewell, good classmate."

ALICE CONANT

"All your fortune at his feet you'll lay,
And follow him, your lord, through all the world."

ALICE EVANS

"For thou shalt Boston leave,
And then to Masonville come, as he that leaves
A shallow splash, to plunge him in the deep."

REBECCA FARWELL

"You shall begin with rudiments of art
To teach a system in a briefer sort,
More pithy, pleasant, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of our trade."

EDNA FISHER

"But your good luck shall grow to such excess
I cannot sum up half your sum of wealth."

EDWIN FLANDERS

"To be noted for a merry man
He'll woo a thousand, point the day of marriage,
Invite the friends, and proclaim the banns,
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd."

MINNIE FRAZINE

"Thy mildness prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
Thyself shalt have success through all thy life."

HELEN GEORGE

"Well, in that hit you miss.
She'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow. She hath
Forsworn to love."

AMY GILDERSLEEVE

"To Art she's married, not unto a man."

OLIVE GROVER

"You'll see your fortunes farther than at home
Where small experience grows —
And so shall go abroad to see the world."

MARGUERITE GRUNEWALD

"Your life shall be a dream
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial."

LOUISE HAINLINE

"Well, you shall make a simple choice;
You know not how to choose a man."

GEORGETTE JETTÉ

"Thou, like the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb
And in thy ways prove likewise variable."

CAROLYN JONES

"You'll be no preaching teacher in the schools;
You'll not be tied to hours nor pointed times."

ALBERT LOVEJOY

"Oh, you shall play a merchant's part
And venture madly on a desperate mart."

JESSIE MACALONEY

"I vow you'll sing as sweetly as the nightingale."

JEAN MACDONALD

"Hie you to Tacoma,—
There stays a husband to make you a wife."

LOUISE MACE

"Thou shalt smell sweet favors and feel soft things,—
Upon my life, a lady indeed."

GENEVIEVE MCGILL

"Your books and instruments shall be your company:
On them to look and practice all the day."

NELLIE MARRINAN

"Hark, suffragette, thou shalt like Minerva speak."

LAURA MEREDITH

"Why then, broad fame is thine from all the world
By youth's firm promise."

MAY MILLER

"You shall be brought from a wild May to a May
Conformable as other household Mays."

GERTRUDE MORISSON

"With work's strong wings shall you o'er perch all walls,
For stony limits cannot hold 'grit' out."

ETHEL NEEL

"You'll make a mutiny out in the world,
You will set cock-a-hoop, you'll be a girl!"

LOIS PERKINS

"You are Lois Perkins, of Norwich Heath; by birth, a joy; by education,
a reader; by transmutation, an author; and by ultimate profession,
a housekeeper."

BEATRICE PERRY

"Let two more summers wither in their prime,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride."

OLIVIA PRIVETT

"Thus have you well begun your reign,
And 'tis my hope you'll end it joyfully."

CAROLINE RICHARDS

"Here shalt thou stay, at Emerson,
Forgetting any other home but this.

MARGUERITE SIEBEL

"You shall at once put you in readiness
And take a studio, fit to guide and teach
Such pupils as time shall beget.

ALBERT SMITH

"You shall be schoolmaster
And undertake the teaching of the maids:
That's your device."

JENNIE SMITH

"Well, well, thou hast a careful mother,
One who hath sorted out a sudden day of joy
That thou expect'st not."

VERDA SNYDER

"Pardon, good Verda, your business shall be great."

RUTH SOUTHWICK

"You'll be no stoic nor no stock, I trow,
Or so devote to Aristotle's chicks,
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjured."

ELIZABETH STURDEVANT

"There is no end, no limit, measure bound.
To your success; no words can your joy sound."

MARION VINCENT

"Thou'lt frame thy mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life."

MABEL WARREN

“Thou shalt have gold,
And nothing comes amiss, so gold comes withal.”

GLADYSMAI WATERHOUSE

“Thou art almost afraid to go alone
There in the world, yet wilt thou adventure.”

MARION WELLS

“And therefore frolic, thou shalt hence forthwith
To feast and sport thee, at thy father's house.”

FLORENCE WESTBROOK

“Florence, go forth:
Happiness is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to success.”

ALICE WHITE

“You shall be lady of a house,
And a good lady, and a wise and a virtuous —”

NAOMI WILLIAMSON

“Why bless your very heart,
I think you shall be happy in your second match,
For it excels your first.”





Post Graduate Officers

MILDRED JOHNSON	<i>President</i>
DOROTHY DEMING	<i>Vice-President</i>
ETHEL BAILEY	<i>Secretary</i>
SADIE O'CONNELL	<i>Treasurer</i>



ETHEL V. BAILEY,
79 Evans Street,
Medford, Massachusetts

Class Secretary, '14, '15
Member Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '14

"Her voice is sweet and low—
An excellent thing in woman."

FLORENCE BEAN,
Pocatello, Idaho

Students' Council, '14, '15
Stunt Committee, '12

"Faster than springtime shower comes
thought on thought,
And not a thought but thinks on
dignity."





ETHEL I. BEARD,
1814 Cap Avenue,
Des Moines, Iowa

“Good nature in man or woman
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.”

ELIZABETH L. BEATTIE
502 Lake Avenue,
Rochester, New York

“A maid into whom nature hath crowded
so much humor.”



VIRGINIA BERAUD,
1403 Eagle Avenue,
Houston, Texas

Assistant Editor Magazine, '14, '15
Stunt Committee, '14

"Thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character."

MARY MORGAN BROWN,
Uniontown, Alabama

President Students' Association, '15

"Your very goodness and your company
O'er pays all I can do."





MAY O. COOLBOUGH,
3 Hudson Street,
Worcester, Massachusetts

"I speak as my understanding instructs
me."

LAURA B. CURTIS,
Hartland, New Brunswick

Class Secretary, '13
Stunt Committee, '14
Vice-President Canadian Club, '13

"The very smile before you speak
Encircles all the heart."





DOROTHEA DEMING,
Wethersfield, Connecticut

Class Vice-President, '15
Member Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '14

"Thyself thou gavest, thy own worth not
knowing."

ZINITA B. GRAF,

Fayette, Iowa

"She is kind as she is fair,
For Beauty lives with kindness."





HILDA M. HARRIS,
Newfield, New Jersey

President Y. W. C. A., '14, '15

"When a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness overruled."

ADELAIDE V. IGO,
New Boston, New Hampshire

"I am not of that feather to shake off
My friend when he most needs me."





MARION F. JOHN,
Newtown, Pennsylvania

Junior Week Committee, '13

"There is a kind of character in thy life
That to th' observer, doth thy history
Fully unfold."

MILDRED E. JOHNSON,
215 Norfolk Street,
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Class President, '13, '14, '15

"Full of noble device, of all sorts; en-
chantingly beloved."





MARY V. LANGFORD,
2013 Clinton Avenue,
Minneapolis, Minnesota

"Methinks I could deal kingdoms to my
friends and ne'er be weary."

MATTIE F. LYON,
Wyalusing, Pennsylvania

Treasurer Y. W. C. A., '14
Member Students' Council, '15

"Therein should we read the very bottom
and the soul of hope."





BERTHA McDONOUGH,
123 Devon Street,
Dorchester, Massachusetts

Cheer Leader, '13, '14, '15

"Thro' light and shadow thou dost range
Sudden glances, sweet and strange,
Delicious spites and darling angers,
And airy forms of fleeting change."

B. BELLE McMICHAEL,
Pillsbury, North Dakota

Editor-in-Chief Magazine, '14, '15

"I am a part of all that I have met."





FRIEDA MICHEL,
111 McBean Street,
Peoria, Illinois

Member Students' Council, '15

"Let my deeds be witness of my worth."

J. STANLEY NEWTON,
Hector, Arkansas

Member Students' Council, '14
Treasurer Southern Club, '14

"Speaking of worth, what worth in you
doth grow?"





SADIE A. R. O'CONNELL,
42 Prospect Street,
Milford, Massachusetts

Class Treasurer, '13, '14, '15
Treasurer Students' Association, '15

"Kind nature meant for you to excel."

EDNA N. SPEAR,
304 W. James Street,
Tyler, Texas

"We that have good wits have much to
answer for."





MARGARET A. STRICKLAND,
Randolph, Massachusetts

Stunt Committee, '13, '14

"For where is there any author in the
world
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye."

R. MADELEINE TARRANT,
2 Fifth Avenue,
Saratoga Springs, New York

"When she passed 'twas like the ceasing
of exquisite music."





Junior Officers

PERCY ALEXANDER	<i>President</i>
JESSIE SMITH	<i>Vice-President</i>
GERTRUDE KEISTER	<i>Secretary</i>
MARY ELLA PERRY	<i>Treasurer</i>



JUNIOR CLASS

Junior Class

AKIN, MARGARET AGNES
ALDERDICE, MARY H. E.
ALEXANDER, PERCY E. B.
ALLISON, DAVID B.
BUTLER, CHARLOTTE W.
DUGGAN, BERNICE H.
FRANSIOLI, FLORENCE
GOOD, LULU K.
KEISTER, H. GERTRUDE
MCKINNEY, HALLIE ERMA

OCKER, VERNA G.
PERRY, MARY ELLA
RITCHIE, ANGELINE MARTHA
SIGWORTH, ALICE
SMITH, JESSIE G.
TOWNLEY, BYRDIE PEARLE
VANN, LOUISE C.
WARREN, GLADYS H.
WHITE, RUTH
WOOD, RUTH A.

Special Students

BROWN, HARRIET M.
CALLOWAY, MRS. LAWRENCE
COLLINS, MRS. MARION V.
FOSTER, ALTON EUGENE
GEBLIN, EDWARD WARREN
GUTHRIE, OLIVE E.
HAWKINS, ETHEL F.
HECKBERT, BEATRICE

HENRY, GWENDOLYN
KELSEY, INEZ MABEL
KNOWLTON, BERNICE
PAIGE, LUCIUS R.
PORTER, HELEN LEONE
ROSENTHAL, ESTELLE
SNELL, MARGARET CATHERINE
WEER, HELEN

“Apologia Pro Vita Sua”

Oh, what a commotion at E. C. O.
When the Powers decreed there'd be
Another year added to our course —
Four years, instead of three.
“Give us some Juniors,” was the Faculty cry,
“Juniors we need to see,”—
And straight therewith, from the scattered crowd,
A class there came to be!
Then “oh, oh, oh,” a chorus came
Of horror groaning low,
From the eighteen Juniors, gathered with care,
Eighteen, beginning to grow.
“We're much too few,” one Junior said.
The teachers said, “Not so —
You see you've got to start this thing
And then begin to grow.”
Then in a small, deserted classroom,
Lying dusty in the sun,
The Special Students gathered, and the
Fateful deed was done.
With much shrinking of the spirit, as
They looked ahead that day,
Did they glimpse a long, hard journey,
And a thorny, rocky way.
“On the road to fame,” they say, “where those
Dear diplomas lay,
We must have a man to lead us on
This shining, twisting way.”
So they gave the man the chair,
President, they made him there.
To his shoulders fell their burdens —
Alexander tore his hair!
“Manage all this flock of women?
Call class meetings once a week?
Harness genius to a system?—
Radeliffe, Silence! Hear me speak!
If a class we simply must be,
This wish, I'm sure, is yours also:
We will lead a simple living,
Quiet; in obscurity.
It has this credit, here at college,
Such a course is quite unknown,
Let us then be gladly ‘different,’
Make a name and fame our own.”

Then throughout the dreary Winter
Tireless, the Juniors worked,
Strove to keep themselves in silence,
The vain glare of footlights shirked.

Never was a harsher thing done:
They too, liked the center stage,
But their numbers kept them silent,
But their terror made them sage.

Oh, it's Juniors this, and Juniors that,
And Juniors wait outside,
And it's "Special Place for Juniors,"
When diplomas are untied.
When diplomas are untied, my boys,
Diplomas are untied,
Oh, it's "Special Place for Juniors" when
Diplomas are untied!

GERTRUDE KEISTER.



Sophs



Sophomore Officers

DOROTHY CANAGA	<i>President</i>
NETTIE HUTCHINS	<i>Vice-President</i>
DOROTHY HOPKINS	<i>Secretary</i>
FRED HUBBARD	<i>Treasurer</i>



SOPHOMORE CLASS

Sophomore Class

BAILEY, FLORENCE E.
BARROW, M. LUCILE
BARTEL, HELEN H.
BELLEFONTAINE, MARIE C.
CALL, HAZEL G.
CANAGA, DOROTHY E.
COLE, JESSIE
DAVIS, MRS. ETHEL E.
DEWIRE, M. ESTHER
EATON, A. FAYE
ELLIOTT, F. MAY
ELLIS, BESS E.
GOOD, HELEN GRAYCE
GREENE, ETHEL S.
HASZARD, JESSIE C.
HOPKINS, DOROTHY C.
HUBBARD, FRED W.
HUNT, GLADYS E.
HUTCHINS, NETTIE M.
IRWIN, VIVIAN
JACK, ELEANOR W.
JAMES, BERTON W.
JENKINS, PHYLLIS
KENDALL, LEAH I.
KENNARD, RUTH
KESTER, EURA M.
KING, VIVIAN H.
LANCTO, MARY C.
LEACH, MARJORIE H.

LONGSTREET, MARGARET L.
MCALEER, LEODA
MANNING, MAE MILDRED
MINAHAN, ANN B.
NYGREN, ASTRID W.
OLIN, RHEA M.
PEARSON, GEORGE F.
PINSKY, BESSIE
REED, ELLEN D.
REED, HELEN L.
ROBINSON, OMA G.
ROTHWELL, STELLA D.
SANBORN, ELSIE C.
SAYER, MARY F.
SCHMITT, EDNA I.
SMITH, LAURENCE J.
SOUTHWICK, MILDRED
SPRAGUE, THEODATE F.
TACK, ELIZABETH H.
TALIAFERRO, ANTHONY B.
THORSON, GRACE W.
TULL, CATHERINE
UPSON, LUCY H.
VAIL, ANNA W.
VAN HOESEN, ESTELLE
WALKER, CAROLYN V.
WALKER, FRED A.
WELSH, GERTRUDE K.
WINN, MARY ANASTASIA

ZERWEKH, GRACE A.

Sophomore Epigrammatics

BY

ELEANOR JACK

DOROTHY CANAGA

A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance.

NETTIE HUTCHINS

I never knew so young a body with so old a head.

Shakespeare

FRED HUBBARD

Get money, still get money, boy;
No matter by what means.

Jonson

DOROTHY HOPKINS

To see her is to love her.

Burns

LAWRENCE SMITH

That great brow
And the spirit — small hand propping it.

Browning

HELEN BARTEL

The mildest manners with the bravest mind.

Pope

FREDA WALKER

Preserving the sweetness of proportion and expressing herself beyond
expression.

Jonson

ELEANOR JACK

I do but sing because I must
And pipe as the linnets sing.

Tennyson

ASTRID NYGREN

Framed in the prodigality of Nature.

Shakespeare

HELEN REED

Humility, that low, sweet root
From which all heavenly virtues shoot.

Moore

JESSIE HASZARD

Happy am I: from care I'm free!
Why aren't they all contented like me?

Opera of La Bayadere

CATHERINE TULL

Practice is the best of all instructors.

Syrus

HAZEL CALL

A creature not too bright and good
For human nature's daily food.

Wordsworth

BESSIE PINSKY

I chatter, chatter as I go.

Tennyson

MAY ELLIOTT

The timely dew of sleep.

Milton

BURTON JAMES

A noticeable man with large gray eyes.

Wordsworth

BESS ELLIS

Her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace.

Old Testament

CAROLYN WALKER

All kin o' smily round the lips
An' teary round the lashes.

Lowell

CERTRUDE WELSH

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven.

Wordsworth

ELSIE SANBORN

Thy soul was like a star and dwelt apart.

Wordsworth

STELLA ROTHWELL

She's all my fancy painted her,
She's lovely, she's divine.

Mee

FAYE EATON

Laugh and be fat.

Dickens

MARGARET LONGSTREET

Now my soul hath elbow-room.

Shakespeare

ANNA VAIL

A child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or,
For thy more sweet understanding, a woman.

Shakespeare

VIVIAN IRWIN

She is a winsome, wee thing.

GRACE ZERWEKH

Maid of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh give me back my heart.

Byron

MARY WINN

The love of learning, the sequestered nooks,
And all the sweet serenity of books.

Longfellow

ETHEL DAVIS

Hospitality sitting with gladness.

Longfellow

PHYLLIS JENKINS

I will strike with things impossible
Yea, get the better of them.

Shakespeare

EDNA SCHMITT

She formed the image of well-bodied air.

Pope

MARIE BELLFONTAINE

Lady, you, whose gentle heart doth fear
The smallest monstrous mouse.

Shakespeare

GLADYS HUNT

When you do dance, I wish you a wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
nothing but that.

Shakespeare

MOLLY SAYER

Fatally beauteous, and having killing eyes.

Dryden

MILDRED SOUTHWICK

A chieftain's daughter seemed the maid.

Scott

GEORGE PEARSON

He was the mildest-mannered man
That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat.

Byron

THEODATE SPRAGUE

O, I writ, writ abundantly — do you never write?

Congreve

FLORENCE BAILEY

Thou sayest an undisputed thing
In such a solemn way.*Holmes*

LUCILE BARROW

Her stature tall, — I hate a dumpy woman.

Byron

ESTHER DE WIRE

Hid in ringlets day and night.

Tennyson

LUCY UPSON

My life is one long horrid grind.

Dickens

VIVIAN KING

It is better to be out of the world than be out of the fashion.

Swift

MAE MANNING

To be merry best becomes you; for, out of question you were born in a merry
hour.*Shakespeare*

ETHEL GREEN

Her voice was ever soft
Gentle and low — an excellent thing in woman.*Shakespeare*

ANTHONY TALIAFERRO

Words sweet as honey from his lips distilled.

Pope

RHEA OLIN

There was place and to spare for the frank young smile
And the red young mouth and the hair's young gold.*Browning*

RUTH KENNARD

Divinely tall and most divinely fair.

LEODA MCALIER

I awoke one morning and found myself famous.

Byron

BETH TACK

Ah! Why should life all labor be?

Tennyson

GRACE THORSON

Is she not passing fair? *yes!*

Shakespeare

EURA KESTER

Exhausting thought
And hiving wisdom with each
Studious year.

Byron

ANN MINAHAN

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour.

Watts

GRACE GOOD

She was so good she would pour rosewater on a toad.

Jerold

MARJORIE LEACH

Hang sorrow! Care'll kill a cat.

Jonson

ESTELLE VAN HOSEA

Tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies.

Shakespeare

LEAH KENDALL

For if she will, she will, you may depend on't,
And if she won't, she won't, so there's an end on't.

From a Canterbury Pillar

ELLEN REED

Tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies.

Shakespeare

MARY LAUCTS

Why should not then we women act alone?
Or whence are men so necessary grown?

Dryden

OMA ROBINSON

Who knew the season, when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet.

Tennyson

JESSIE COLE

What will not woman, gentle woman, dare?

Southey

* * * *

Tho' this may be play to you,
'Tis death to us.

Roger L'Estrange



Freshmen

Freshmen Officers

FAY S. GOODFELLOW	<i>President</i>
BEATRICE E. COATES	<i>Vice-President</i>
MARGUERITE E. BRODEUR	<i>Treasurer</i>
BARBARA WELLINGTON	<i>Secretary</i>



FRESHMAN CLASS

Freshmen Class

Anderson, Ralph	Hewitt, Golda Mae
Beynon, Jane	Hyde, Marguerite
Brady, James	Levin, Ruth
Brodeur, Marguerite	Libbey, Ethel
Burnham, Marion	Lombard, Ellen
Caine, Ethel	Mace, Selina
Carden, Edith	Macomber, Rena
Carter, Helen	Manley, Hazel
Coates, Beatrice	Morrison, Effie
Cronin, Mary	Maxham, Katherine
Duval, Ina	Mead, Esther
Ellis, Evelyn	Mitchell, Dorothy
Feely, Margaret	O'Leary, Grace
Flaherty, Helen	Pickering, Marjorie
Foss, Rowena	Punnett, Mary
Fowler, Annie	Rasmussen, Elvira
Fox, Marguerite	Roarty, Helen
Gallaway, Mildred	Roberts, Louise
Gates, Rena	Rawnsley, Beatrice
Gilmore, Ethel	Ruggles, May
Goodfellow, Fay	Schrenier, Florine
Gore, Henrietta	Sheppard, Jean
Gorg, Lillian	Thompson, Marguerite
Green, Mary	Toll, Amy
Grilley, Virginia	Van Buren, Annie
Guild, Helen	Vedder, Virginia
Gwin, Ramona	Walter, Mary
Handy, Leon	Wellington, Barbara

Whiting, Izer

A Freshman's Dream

(Arranged)

The True Dream of Barbara Wellington, 1918

I sat before the fireside in my cosy little den,
Thinking of the many steps in evolution, when
Without a word of warning, there suddenly appeared
A face so round and jolly that my thoughts at once were steered
Right through his twinkling eyeglass, to where my concept lay,
But what this crazy motive was no mortal tongue can say.
Some unknown power drew me, and with a sudden cry
I dived through the eyeglass of Mr. Kidder's eye.

* * * *

Landing without the slightest jar upon a softer pile of hay than man ever stacked, I had barely time to blink my eyes, when a most uncanny sound was transmitted to my brain — a veritable pandemonium of caw-cawing. Could it be Poe's raven? No, the burden of these ravings was "Nearer *ever* more!" I was losing my breath control, my chest was falling, my head swimming, when there came over the crest of a hill the most harmless band of maidens, evidently my fellow classmates. Judging from the earnest, worried expression on their faces, and from the terrific potential power manifested in their voices, I concluded that they were members of the famous Emerson Glee Club. At their head was a buxom female, waving a cornstalk while she vehemently declared, "My whole heart is in this caws!" In spite of the strength of their argument, I cannot say that I wept when they departed.

Next I noticed an old gnarled ash tree, with the label "*Yggdrasil*" on it, which seemed to shiver and shake ominously. All the leaves came whirling down, disclosing the bare skeleton, robbed of its potential possibilities. Upon the rattling limbs were seated a number of eccentric figures, whom I at once recognized as belonging to Division A of our class. They were vainly endeavoring to fit arrows to the bows which they each held, but giving it up, each said sadly, "I could not shoot." Determined to show these faint-hearted Freshmen true courage, I picked up a bow lying conveniently near me, fitted a long straw to the string and announced, "*I can do what I will to do!*" The group in the tree answered sarcastically, "Do!" *Twang* went the bow-string; the mighty tree was stunned — it throbbed till each occupant of a branch melted into a ball of dew and rolled off to the ground. In vain I entreated them to "roll on" again; they melted into a crystal pool to which I added my salty tears.

Gazing gloomily into the empty tree, I saw to my amazement a dozen or so brown monkeys leaping from their family trees onto the scene of the recent trag-

edy. They swarmed over the boughs, each choosing a separate one, and proceeded to hang upside down by their clinging tails. Then gibbering a rhythmic chant which sounded like "Poise forward two — three — four — *back* — two three — four — *rise* — two — three — four — *hold* — two — three — four," they swung from side to side in time to the metre. But when they reached the words "*down* — two — three — four" they simultaneously gave a spasmodic jerk, and all fell down in a heap, becoming as they splashed into the pool, the students of Division B. They all gazed mournfully at their sad tails, still swinging on the classic higher branches, and chanted in chorus, "Can that *B* we?" Receiving no reply, they crept silently into the forest.

As they disappeared from view, there sounded an energetic buzzing wafted to me through the elastic waves of air. Who could it be? The bees had just left. Then the humming changed to a ringing, and the ringing to a singing and I heard an intoned poem of such beauty of sentiment that it delighted my innermost soul. The burden of it was the following:

"You cannot see
Who we might are,
Division C
Ma-za-ska-a."

Truly thrilled at the radiation and warmth of the projection of this epic, as well as at the length of the line "Ma-za-ska-a," I hoped the muse would never cease. But yes, alas, they changed to

"Do, di-di-di, di,
On the tip o' the tongue,
Li, li-li-li, li,
How we wish we were hung!"

This pathetic appeal showed me that Division C as well as A and B longed to hang onto the tree of knowledge. But they gave it up, never neglecting to exercise their poetic talent, however, for as the sounds grew fainter and fainter, I heard the hearty cheer:

"There can be no comparison
With our captain Miss Marrison."

This blended into a hum which faded away as their voices tried to reach some far-away concept.

As soon as these sounds grew fainter I heard a jingling of sleigh bells from the north. There appeared a boat-sleigh full of Freshmen — yes, my fellow students of Division D, driven by a robust individual who lashed the team, bellowing "I was ever a fighter!" The excited party yelled "Whoa" in various pitches, but the horses kept on dashing through space. Soon large snow flakes began to

fall, and while the crowd was howling "Out of the North!" the snow dropped down their open throats, making agonized cries of "Ow!"

Wishing to take their minds from such difficult knowledge being crammed into them, I stood up high on my haystack, made a sweeping gesture which manifested its force by stopping the horses, and delivered the following:

"When earth's last picture is painted
And the tubes are twisted and dry,
It's time to take the window to see
Leary going by.
He's very, very like me,
From my heels up to my head;
He's yellow, black and pale, and also
Very hectic red.

Banner of England, not for a season
O banner of Britain hast thou!
Come see the Dolphin's anchor forged;
'Tis at a white heat now;
Press where you see my white plume shine
Amidst the ranks of war,
Stretched in his last found shell
And knew the old no more!

Out of the north the wild news came,
The dove said, 'Give us Peace.'
'Cusha-cusha-cusha' calling,
As if 'twould never cease.
Woe! lightly to part with one's soul
As we find on page twenty-eight,
Good-bye, proud world, I'm going home,
Serene I fold my hands and wait."





SOUTHERN CLUB

The Southern Club

In October, 1913, the Southerners at Emerson organized themselves as the Southern Club, its function being to support and assist one another, as well as to bring a touch of the Southland into the northern atmosphere. The first year of existence was a very successful one, largely due to the influence and leadership of Judith Lindon. The activities of 1914 closed with a most unique entertainment given in Huntington Chambers Hall.

At the reopening of college in September the club was reorganized with a very large membership. A number of social events have marked the year as interesting and the annual stunt has given us the recognition and good-will of the college.

Officers of the Southern Club

EMILY BROWN	<i>President</i>
BERNICE RUGGAN	<i>Secretary</i>
J. STANLEY NEWTON	<i>Treasurer</i>
JENNIE SMITH	<i>Magazine Reporter</i>

Members

LUCILE BARROWS	ETHEL NEIL
VIRGINIA BERAUD	MARY ELLA PERRY
HARRIET BROWN	OLIVIA PRIVETT
MARY M. BROWN	ALICE SIGWORTH
SARA COLEMAN	VERDA SNYDER
MRS. ETHEL DAVIS	EDNA SPEAR
MAY ELLIOTT	ANTHONY TALIAFERRO
BESS ELLIS	MARGUERITE THOMPSON
FLORENCE FRANSIOLI	KATHERINE TULL
GERTRUDE KEISTER	BYRDIE TOWNLEY
HALLIE MCKINNEY	LOUISE C. VANN



CANADIAN CLUB

CANADIAN



CLUB.

JES

Officers

FRANCES BRADLEY
PERCY ALEXANDER
JESSIE HASZARD

President
Treasurer
Secretary

Members

Post Graduate 1915

LAURA CURTIS

1915

JESSIE MACALONEY

FRANCES BRADLEY

1916

PERCY ALEXANDER

1917

JESSIE HASZARD

1918

MARGUERITE HYDE

JEAN SHEPPERD

In Facultate

AGNES KNOX BLACK

ELSIE RIDDELL

MRS. HARRY SEYMOUR ROSS



Y. W. C. A. CABINET

Young Women's Christian Association

Officers and Cabinet

HILDA M. HARRIS	President
EVELYN BENJAMIN	Vice-President
HELEN BARTEL	Secretary
MARION WELLS	Treasurer
MARY MORGAN BROWN	Devotional Committee
MARION VINCENT	Program Committee
VIRGINIA BERAUD	Social-Service Committee
MINNIE FRAZINE	Bible Study Committee
MARGUERITE GRUNEWALD	Intercollegiate Committee
ELIZABETH TACK	Social Committee
ALICE CONANT	Silver Bay Committee
VERDA SNYDER	Music Committee
OLIVIA PRIVETT	Room Committee
GERTRUDE WELSH	Association News
JANE BANAN	
GLADYS MAE WATERHOUSE	Posters
MATTIE LYON	Visiting Committee
LAURA CURTIS	Financial Committee
KATE BOYD GEORGE	Student Secretary
ALICE CONANT	Delegate to Silver Bay
MARGUERITE GRUNEWALD	Delegate to New York City

Y. W. C. A.

The Quiet Hour at Emerson

Thursday 2-3 P.M.

"COME YE APART AND REST AWHILE"

Speakers and Subjects

Oct. 1.	"The Opportunity for Social Service"	W. W. LOCKE
Oct. 8.	"What the Individual Can Do for Peace"	JESSIE E. SOUTHWICK
Oct. 15.	"Plans for the Cabinet"	
Oct. 22.	"Ideals"	DR. MARY ALICE EMERSON
Oct. 29.	"Christian Living"	MRS. A. H. NAZARIAN
Nov. 5.	"Silver Bay and Its Meaning"	HILDA M. HARRIS
Nov. 12.	Report of Silver Bay Convention	ALICE CONANT
Nov. 19.	"Credo"	DEAN ROSS
Dec. 3.	Girls' Meeting	
Dec. 10.	"Jane Addams"	NAOMI WILLIAMSON
Jan. 7.	"The New Year"	
Jan. 14.	"Opportunity"	DR. HERBERT JOHNSON
Jan. 21.	"The Awakening of China"	REV. CHEN
Jan. 28.	Rally Day	
Feb. 4.	"Completeness." Experiences of a Summer in Europe	GERTRUDE MCQUESTEN
Feb. 11.	"The Association"	ELIZABETH DODGE, National Board
Feb. 18.	"The Day of Prayer"	KATY BOYD GEORGE
Feb. 25.	"Our Hope"	DR. JENNESS
Mar. 11.	"Helpfulness"	MRS. LEMUEL H. MURLIN
Mar. 18.	"Work"	MRS. HICKS

Social Events

Reception to New Students

Y. W. C. A. Social

Conference and Tea — guests of Mrs. Arthur Tedcastle

Readings — Miss Gordon and Miss Lyndon

During this school year the Y. W. C. A. has supplied through the Social-Service Department a half-hundred readers and teachers to the different settlements and various institutions.

The Y. W. C. A. Calendar, under the leadership of the Financial Committee, was a great success.



GLEE CLUB

Glee Club

LOUISE HAINLINE	<i>President</i>
ELEANOR JACK	<i>Vice-President</i>
MARGARET LONGSTREET	<i>Secretary</i>
MARION VINCENT	<i>Treasurer</i>
MRS. TOLL	<i>Chorus Director</i>

"The wee birdie's song is bonny, my dearie,
But it's your song, my lassie, that makes my heart cheerie."

Like the servant with the two talents, some of the daughters of E. C. O. are working in the Emerson College Glee Club as well as in the regular college classes.

The new organization is the foster child of the Musical Club of 1907. At present it is passing through the step of animation in its process of growth with excellent vigor and enthusiasm. In accomplishment it is as yet a Freshman in College, but the students are watching its progress with confidence.

The obvious musical interest crystalized itself into an organization on the fifteenth of October and there was a splendid spirit in the beginning and we are glad to say that it has not abated. There is a membership of more than thirty, directed by a special chorister. The club is very fortunate in having as its leader one whose special training has rendered her a very capable director.

It has been whispered by some of the members that by the spring term this organization will have progressed so happily that it may become a helpful feature in the College Commencement and the Faculty has been pleased to see an undertaking entirely under student control with such earnestness and serious intention.

The helpful support of the whole college has been very gratifying and it has made the present club possible by guaranteeing a permanent effective organization.



Literature

Behind the Outside

(With Apologies to Stephen Leacock and to the Emerson Faculty)

The day at Emerson begins. The students' voices are buzzing noisily in the chapel. Judging from the conversation, it might involve anything from a new coiffeur to the fundamental principles underlying expression.

Suddenly, quite unexpectedly — as if done, so to speak, by years of practice — there is a loud clap of the hands which startles the seething multitudes. Everyone looks up and sees a man confronting the school, who with the power and command of Moses, combined with the wisdom of Solomon, has brought order out of chaos. He looks just like General Washington crossing the Delaware and everyone sits with bated breath. There is absolute silence. Nothing can be heard but here and there the fall of an eyelid. Each student braces herself for the shock as the man known as *President Southwick* says in well modulated tones: "Let us sing hymn *nine*," and as he says this his voice implies all the dissatisfaction that words could possibly convey. He learned how to do this at Emerson and it has tremendous effect upon the school.

Everyone sinks back with relief and waits for the piano and then with one accord the students rise in a body and sing lustily — though no one knows what she is singing about. As the last word of the hymn dies down there is a sound of breaking furniture and a scuffle of feet. One might think that this was included in the curriculum, but not at all, it is only the banging of chairs — a habit which once acquired can never be broken!

As everyone is seated the big door at the back of the room opens and twelve sheepish-looking girls, trying to look bold, file in like leopards on the march. President Southwick makes a quick mental calculation as to the number of tardy ones and decides that the fault is not so grievous that he must remark about it but he does not know that upstairs there are many more who have "caught on" that Mrs. Puffer is in the coat room with her note book. A few of the conscientious late-comers steal down the stairs with a haunted look, like rats who smell the cheese in a cage, and then — it's all over but the shouting!

A figure in a blue dress looms up, as it were, by magic.

"Are you excused?" says the voice.

"No, but my car was a little late, Mrs. Puffer."

"I'm sorry but I must take your name and then if you wish a permanent excuse you might speak to the Dean about it."

Mrs. Puffer smiles inwardly at her extemporaneous diplomacy and tact. She really knows that the girl will consider it too much trouble to go to the Dean but then it was a gracious suggestion and a very just one, too!

On the other side of the big door chapel is still in session. After the new Chaplain has read, with a great deal of feeling, a few verses from the Bible, he retires to the back of the platform just as a lady steps on to the stage from a side door. All the visitors in the balcony wonder what she is doing up there and just as they decide it must be some kind of entertainment they hear the lady say:

"Position — prepare to stand — stand!"

There there is a sound of breaking timber again as the student body rises as if afflicted with rheumatism. Then some music is heard on the piano and the visitors look on in eager expectation. They watch the lady on the platform whom afterwards they learn is *Miss Smith*. She is doing something most incoherent with one foot and then raises one arm slowly and gracefully. The students are all trying to do the same but the effect is very different. After twenty minutes of various contortions the music dwindles down and the students dwindle too. As the last chord is sounded the teacher bows graciously and retires, just as another lady takes her place.

She stands quietly before the school, assumes a wonderfully ethereal expression, and just as the strangers are expecting her to expound some marvelous philosophy they hear this voice singing ("like balls of light"):

"Nom-m-m — Nom-m-m — Nom-m-m" and then the class repeat in succession until the room vibrates with discords. These are the vocal exercises which everyone ought to practice at least an hour every day!

President Southwick now gives a few words of valuable suggestion and then dismisses "his children" to classes. The music starts in with a lively popular tune and the students march out in single file, each one conscious that she is the cynosure of all eyes, while in reality no one even knows she is there. Consequently there is a little air of self-consciousness which quickly vanishes as soon as the surging mob reaches the lobby where it generates into a gabbling mass of humanity. Miss Smith seems more perturbed about the "gabble" than anyone else and she bravely but forcefully transfers the crowd into the elevator. Once in there one is "done for." You have to stand still while you are jabbed with books, pencils and hat pins, and if you talk you have to be very careful what you say because if you say anything about anyone that person is sure to be within hearing distance.

After reaching the fifth floor, which is the seat of learning, each individual goes indefinitely to her classroom and it happens to be more luck than anything else if she arrives in the scheduled room, because, like the negroes, they all look alike!

If the pupils happened to be Seniors they go to "Romeo and Juliet" where each one, after carrying her chair around on her back deposits it where she

thinks she will be less liable to be called on. She then engages herself in rapid conversation with anyone who is considerate enough to listen.

Suddenly a very positive step is heard along the hall. Enter *Mrs. Hicks*. The conversation boils over into a cadence and stops, and all eyes are turned towards *Her*.

"Romeo and Juliet" is such an exciting class that the scholars have to sit tight to hold on. The whole period is diluted with ninety per cent thrills. Each girl feels like a very fool while she is reading and knows that she is even more of a one as soon as she stops.

The bell rings only too soon and the whole class file out thoroughly impressed and pass on into Advanced Interpretation where they find *Mrs. Black* surrounded by a number of students who were lucky enough to find some excuse to linger behind. She is talking with that same intensity of feeling and everyone realizes that her class is bound to be exciting. After reading the roll call *Mrs. Black* produces a large manuscript from a budget of papers and dictates a few notes. Then she suggests that some reading be done around the class.

The atmosphere becomes very tense now as no one is ever sure where the axe is going to fall. Just as *Mrs. Black* "swoops down" upon the first unsuspecting victim, the rest of the pupils count up in number to see which verse will fall to them. There are many trembling knees and dry throats at just about this time, but happily the second victim has not obtained the right atmosphere and so she is doomed for the rest of the period. *Mrs. Black* becomes more and more intense as she puts the scholar through various tests and just as each girl decides she could do it much better than the one who is trying, the bell rings. *Mrs. Black* then kisses her pupil affectionately (more as a benediction than a farewell) and then everyone passes down the hall exclaiming impressively that she is "scarey but powerful."

Next is *Mrs. Williard's* recital class. As you go into the room you can realize at once just which ones have to recite because the front row is lined with flushed faces and certain girls are biting their finger nails, at the same time assuming an outward calm, but this outward calm can always be mistaken — it is a "dead give away!"

Mrs. Williard, after reading the "roll" gives a gracious nod to the "pupils who are held responsible for the morning's program" and then assumes her correct, picture-book, sitting position which is the admiration of the whole class.

The recitals now take place and are conspicuous because of their brevity. *Mrs. Williard* afterwards rises to the occasion with her black note book in hand and commences her criticisms which are usually very tolerant, because she must *always be diplomatic* and not hurt anyone's feelings! She usually mentions the good points first, and then brings in the bad points as an afterthought, and she really does this so well that everyone says afterwards that she is a "perfect dear."

The fourth period finds the division filing into *Mr. Kenny's* room where he stands impressively before the class as though he were monarch of all he surveyed. The pupils sit before him like so many ninepins ready to be knocked down without a minute's notice! The white cards which *Mr. Kenny* fondles carelessly are used to tell the fate of each person. If "*His Majesty*" finds a new defect in his pupil's voice she looks as though she ought to dress in mourning, but if, on the other hand, after she has successfully hummed her "*M*" he says: "Good work—sit down," she beams for the rest of the day.

The bell rings most imprudently and usually at a most crucial moment, but that is *fate*, and the scholars rush down the hall making mental calculations as to how much money can be spent on lunch. The abundance of the repast always varies inversely according to the amount of finances in hand, and most of the school, after indulging in an apple and a cup of tea, find that there is plenty of time in which to interview *Mr. Kidder* about credits. He sits at his desk, as a martyr to the cause, while innumerable students push so many schedules before him that he has to look cross-eyed to see them all. People are usually very business-like with *Mr. Kidder*. They have to be because he decides such important questions. He usually transfers a part of the multitude to *Dean Ross* who sits in his office as placid as a May morning and decides the most vital problems with apparent ease and calm.

In passing from the Dean's office one might wander down the hall where *Dr. Black* would be seen with a great many books and papers under his arm. From a distance he reminds one of Captain Hook in "*Peter Pan*" and just as a student decides to sink into oblivion for fear of an encounter, she hears a delightful Scotch greeting emphasized by an irresistible rolling "*R*." This accent charms those who come within range of it and makes them bubble up inside with a desire to chuckle.

By wandering further down the corridor one may catch a glimpse of *Dr. Alden* standing before a class of girls who are waving their arms about and taking deep breaths. *Dr. Alden* is always very much engrossed with his instructions but at the same time he *never* happens to miss anything which goes on outside of his door.

A voice is heard not far off exclaiming estatically: "Students — oh, students!" A little person clad in a pink cameo and blue dress comes smiling into view. This is *Miss McQuesten*, who has come to impart some information to a group of pupils and she very likely singles out a few "to be ready for Senior recitals by next Thursday." Whatever she says the girls are very good-natured about it because *Miss McQuesten* always inspires a jovial response.

After a recess of three-quarters of an hour has elapsed *Mrs. Rogers* may be seen walking definitely to the office where she rings the bells for the last class and as she does this she smiles and beams benevolently upon the students who surround her.

The last period finds the Seniors in the lecture hall where they are talking over the affairs of the day. A man walks down the aisle. This is *Mr. Tripp!* He taps with his pencil on the back of the chair, smacks his lips, and reads the roll call. This being over, he smacks his lips again and retires to the back of the room where he sees and hears much more than is expected of him, and at the same time silently draws his own conclusions. Suddenly the lights all over the room are extinguished (except those on the stage). There is a hush of expectancy, and then the curtain rises and a real "playlet" is presented during the next half hour.

When it is finished the curtain falls and then, in accordance with all the best rules of the theatre, it rises again and shows all the "stars" holding hands and bowing charmingly.

The class then rises in a body, put on its wraps, and files out as Mr. Tripp eyes each one in his *pleasantly critical* way. This is another one of his virtues, the one quality over-balancing the other just enough to make it exciting.

School is now supposed to be over. But not at all! Nearly everyone has to remain to meet some appointment. *Some* students are even obliged to go to æsthetic dancing class where they adorn themselves in wrinkled bloomers and try to make themselves think they look attractive. On the contrary they all look like the end of a misspent life as they gaze listlessly out of the windows waiting for *Miss Riddle* who suddenly appears. She has more vitality than the whole class put together, and she soon has them all in line where she commands them to take three steps forward and then "*tour de bas*." Each individual takes the three steps and then does something indescribable. If there are visitors there they wonder a little about the "*tour de bas*." It is a perfectly fascinating name and the way Miss Riddle says that one phrase, "*tour de bas*" rings in one's ears for days afterwards.

After the dancing is over another survey of the corridor would show a young man standing before a group of scholars who are clad in aprons and who, with astonishing grimaces on their physiognomies are bending over individual electric lights. This is *Mr. Burnham's* "make-up" class and one has only to glance in the room to see how remarkable it is.

School now is over and as the last weary student stands exhausted before the elevator, she comes face to face with *Miss Sleight*, to whom she wails out her trials and tribulations all in one breath (Mr. Kenny has taught her the use of breath control). Miss Sleight puts her hands caressingly on the girl's shoulders, tells her to go home, take a hot bath, and then retire. This is enough encouragement for the girl. She grasps at Miss Sleight as a drowning man at a straw and pours out her life's complete story, commencing with the family affairs and ending up with hereditary traits which have caused her so much misfortune. Miss Sleight realizes that it will do the "poor child" a great deal of good to relieve the mind

of its burdens so she listens with her usual amount of sympathy and understanding.

At the front door of the building they part, and the exhausted student wanders homeward, thinking what bliss it would be to be one of the Emerson Faculty. And somewhere in the remote and restful suburbs, away from the trials of college, that same Faculty are at the same time realizing how glad they are that they are not enrolled *as pupils* in the Emerson College of Oratory. L. P.'15

A Night on the "Coeur de Lion"

PERCY ALEXANDER, '16

The Island of Campobelle is shaped like an old woman — a dear, patient old lady, who has been content to sit for centuries in the same untiring position, and receive upon her bent and rock-ribbed back the relentless lashings of the Atlantic. Those terrible lashings! How often have I heard them at night resounding like muffled thunder over the tree tops, and have fallen asleep to dream of giants and earthquakes. I loved this dim region, with its great cliffs towering far above the surging mass of waters. I loved the gulls that ruled in wild abandon on the bosom of the incoming gale. But above all I loved the free sweep of black sand that curved like a drawn bow from the foot of the Glen Severn cliffs to the heights of Bone Vista, fully a mile away. Here Captain Kidd had buried countless treasures; and it was here that I was wont to steal on still Sunday afternoons to watch the white sails far out at sea, and dream of lands that I had never seen. I feared the great loneliness that came upon the place when the sun was set, or when the clouds hung low in the heavens, and the day was darkened, for then the sea sent forth its dead and the land was peopled with a thousand fancies. At such times I would crouch in the cove and listen to the roaring of the sea, and watch the feverish surf, which like the breath from the thundering mouth of a cannon would rise like a ghost and vanish in the twinkling of an eye against the dark cliffs of Glen Severn. At such times, also, I shunned a certain dark object half buried in the black waters of a deep and narrow ford, above the crest of sand at the wood's edge. It was the ruins of a massive wreck about which had congregated the tales of a simple and imaginative people.

Often during the long winter evenings, when the table had been cleared and Betty had taken her darning, she would draw us about the fire and tell us of the wreck of the *Cœur de Lion*. How, in her grandfather's time, it had set sail from England to bring Rear Admiral Fitz-William Owen and his young bride, Lady Ellen Archer-Shea, to their great estate on the wind-swept heights above Welsh Pool Bay. There had been a mutiny on the high seas, and the unhappy

ship fleeing before the fury of the heavens was caught and crushed in the iron grip of Glen Severn.

"And did the sailors really kill Lady Ellen?" we would ask with widening eyes. Whereat old Betty would shake her finger. "Ain't I been a-telling you that my Joe seen the very bar what struck the poor lamb down, and the Lord don't catch me out there o'nights with the wind a-howling, for I've seen things. You needn't tell me!" She always concluded this narrative with a wise shake of her head and an awful rolling of her eyes that never failed to strike terror to our hearts; so that we would creep trembling off to bed to snuggle under the warm coverlets and listen to the pounding of the sea. And ever through the web of my dreams passed the stately figure and the sad, pale face of the young bride — Lady Ellen Archer-Shea.

I was still young when I left my island home, and these early terrors were swept away on a flood of new experiences. It was not until the end of my academy life that I stood again, one dull October afternoon, on the cliffs above Glen Severn. It was one of those magical still days when the fondest memories of the past seem to congregate to pour in upon one's soul like a sweet symphony. And as the sweetest things in life are usually tinged with something of mystery I was carried back at a bound to those early days when every cave and crevice of this desolate spot had been the abode of ghosts and spirits of the dead.

I was overcome by an irresistible loneliness that was emphasized by the vast desolation of waters, which fretted the cliffs below my feet with a mournful and melancholy sound. And when I loosened a stone with my stick I drew back with a shudder at the dim echoes that were sent vibrating from rock to rock. A couple of ravens, probably nesting on a shelf of the cliff, launched themselves into the abyss of air and melted into the deepening gloom. Darkness comes quickly in these parts; the stars leap to their places while the sun still lingers on the western rim. And even now the sun had gone, leaving an angry scar on the border of the heavens against which the giant cliffs of Grand Manan stood like ebony on a shield of blood.

The village of Welsh Pool lay fully three miles away and the road to the latticed windows where my mother would now be placing the evening lamp lay under the towering ranks of dark and solemn pines. Following a narrow sheep path I made what haste I could and came out upon the sands of Glen Severn. But here I found myself in a disheartening predicament. The waters of the ford had swollen and were rushing to meet the ocean in such a sturdy torrent as to shut me off completely from the road communicating with the village. I had either to retrace my steps up the side of the cliff, which the darkness was fast rendering impossible, or to scramble over the boulders that huddled like sheep at the water's edge. This, also, I found impossible because of the incoming tide. It was then that I thought of the wreck of the *Cœur de Lion* and thither I bent my way. I

knew that by crossing this melancholy bridge I might gain the opposite shore and reach the village before dark.

But as I stood finally in the shadow of the *Cœur de Lion* I stood abashed. What was it, I paused to wonder, that brought so vividly to my mind my childish impressions of this ill-favored object? For now, as if rushing to embrace a mind from which they had been all too rudely banished, old Betty's tales came flocking to reclaim their ancient tenure with renewed and startling vividness. I heard her words as clearly as though they had been uttered yesterday (and she lying in her grave this many a day): "The Lord don't catch me out there alone o'nights, for I've seen things. You needn't tell me!" And I confess that I was filled with that nameless, that inexplicable timidity and dread that a child feels when it finds itself alone amid the scenes of its nightly dreams of fear.

The appearance of the whole place was, indeed, desolate in the extreme. The grim black sides of the ship were sunk deep in the sickening ooze, and along the water's edge spread a stagnant growth of luxuriant mosses resting on the surface like fine silk. The running water carried out the long tendrils in graceful ripples and something in the movement of it suggested to my mind the unbound tresses of a woman's hair, so that I thought of the Lady Ellen Archer-Shea.

So unnerved was I that I trusted myself to look no longer and catching hold of a hanging cable I pulled myself lightly over the bulwarks and let myself down on the deck of the *Cœur de Lion*.

At that moment, as if to emphasize my utter loneliness, there struck upon my ear, faintly borne above the wilderness of tree tops, the distant tolling of the chapel bell from the hill above the village of Welsh Pool, calling the worshippers to evening devotion. The notes, half strangled by a rising wind, were inexpressibly sad and mournful.

And although in any place so forlorn one might gladly have welcomed any sound of human companionship, these tones now filled me with a strange depression of soul, as if they had lent themselves to those subtle phantoms that lurked in the shadow of the *Cœur de Lion*, ready to distort the most familiar sounds into impressions of dread and terror. They seemed as remote, as far away as those cold stars that were fast taking their places in the deepening vault of heaven.

I was now cut off from any sight of the ocean by the bulwarks that came above my head and which darkened the corners of the deck into impenetrable caverns of gloom. The light was not so obscure, however, but I could distinguish the gaping blackness revealed by the missing door of the hatchway, from whence issued an odor of decaying timbers. A piece of paper caught by the wind swirled across the deck and I started visibly. As I did so a rotting timber gave way beneath my added weight. I was conscious of a sharp and biting pain. Things seemed strange and far away, and I sank down unconscious upon the deck.

It must have been on the verge of midnight when I came to my senses. It

was a wild and serenely beautiful night. The moon was in the heavens, and like the pale face of a woman whose mind is dead, it reeled among the swift fleeting bars of blackness which the rising wind lashed in fury across the sky.

The uncouth shadows rushing madly across the deck vied with the kaleidoscopic fury of the heavens. The wind gathering its force at a vortex would pause suddenly above the *Cœur de Lion*, then descend with such lightning rapidity as to shake her decaying timbers like reeds, so that I feared to be ground forever into dust and buried in the black waters of the lake. The heaving of the sea must have been terrific, for above the screeching of the wind could be heard the thundering roar of the waves against the bosom of Glen Severn. The very coast seemed to rock with the mighty impact; and ever and anon the *Cœur de Lion* was shaken as with some feverish pulsation of the earth. Was it an electrical breath issuing from the region of that pale face in the clouds, or was it but the wind rushing in from the sea with some dark secret for those tall pines that bowed their heads submissively beneath the heavens and swayed their arms with a continual sighing and sobbing? There was no rain, but at intervals a cloud of fog fled like a sheeted ghost before the wind, or rested with wings ailt upon the quivering mast of the *Cœur de Lion*.

I was so awed by the wild grandeur of the night that time and place seemed for the time to have been swept from my mind, and I lay endeavoring to collect my shattered wits. A dull throbbing in my leg caused me great uneasiness, but when I attempted to extract my imprisoned foot the sharp and biting pain caused me to cry aloud. But groaning here was surely out of place, as it served only to recall to my mind my utter loneliness and helplessness, and the terrors of the evening. I thought of the turmoil in the minds of my family with me abroad on such a night, and instinctively I strained my ears for any sound of human approach. I heard nothing, however, save the voices of the storm, and in a sudden lull of the wind there came from where the "Wolves" reared their hungry maws above the sea the half strangled moans of the "Whistling Buoy." I could picture the frenzied foam leaping far over their jagged heads.

God pity the vessel, thought I, that should run into that howling pack on such a night as this. Probably on such a night, too, that grim tragedy was enacted that had played such havoc with my childhood imagination. My mind was keely alive to every hideous suggestion, and my eyes followed fearfully each uncouth shadow as it swept across the deck.

I cannot say how many minutes, perhaps only seconds of the terrible night had worn away when I became aware that some living thing was on the wreck near me. I heard nothing, I could see nothing. But every muscle was suddenly arrested, and I knew that I was not alone. I lay tense, straining every nerve; it seemed that my very blood stopped its action to intensify the stillness.

Who's there? I called aloud.

There was no answer, and the silence was more frightful than before. I was about to call again, when with a shock there smote upon the air a shrill, sharp scream. It came from the cavernous depths of the *Cœur de Lion*, and rose again and again — a very ecstasy of terror — until it seemed to me that it must have pierced the very ears of old Betty in her grave above the village. The pounding of my heart was greater than the beating of the sea against the bosom of Glen Severn. My eyes were fastened upon the hatchway whence had issued those terrifying cries and before I had the power to move them there glided there — from upon the deck of the *Cœur de Lion* the mantled figure of — could it indeed be so? — and yet it was no other. There before me stood the enveloped figure of Lady Ellen Archer-Shea. I did not move; I had not the power to stir. But I continued to gaze upon the figure before me, and even in this tortured state of my mind I found time to wonder what freak of the imagination had enabled me to picture so graphically in my childhood a figure upon which I now gazed for the first and only time.

Here, indeed, was the same lady who had been wont to pass nightly before my sleeping cot. Here were the same eyes — never had I seen such large, such softly luminous eyes! And in them now was that ancient and familiar expression, that same tender and haunting appeal. Surely there never were such eyes as those of the Lady Ellen, which now seemed to pierce my very soul, and yet which seemed all unconscious of my being. I noted the whiteness of the mantle which served to envelop her figure, and which as she came from the hatchway hung from her outstretched arms and swayed gently in the wind. But the outward appearance of the figure was, indeed, of little moment as my whole attention was absorbed, fascinated, bound by the brilliancy of those singular and beautiful eyes.

Never again should I doubt the wildest dreams that I might hear of this unearthly region. I could not see the moon, but I knew by the whiteness that suffused the deck that its face was uncovered. It was then that there leaped into the eyes of Lady Ellen Archer-Shea a wild look of terror, so that there shone therefrom such a light as was surely never reflected from human eyes. She glanced quickly from right to left and with arms upraised passed, without the least sound to a gap in that portion of the bulwarks that lay in shadow; so that, but for the whiteness of her dress and the peculiar brilliancy of her eyes she must have passed forever from my sight.

The light that had burned so steadily into my eyes now wavered and at that moment there rushed through the opening of the hatchway whence had come the figure of the Lady Ellen Archer-Shea the figure of a man similarly gowned. I noted the same lustre of the eyes as they swept the deck with an evil and penetrating glare until they rested upon the figure in the shadow of the bulwarks.

What was my surprise at this moment to see the Lady Ellen rush upon her

assailant with the rapidity of lightning and there burst from her soft white throat the same shrill, piercing cries as had before raised the terrors of the night.

I watched like one transfixed, my eyes fastened upon the unfortunate woman who filled the night with the horror of her dying struggles. Her assailant towered above her with upraised arms. And at that moment I swear I saw aloft a great black bar that descended, delivering a terrific blow — not upon Lady Ellen's head, but upon my own upturned face.

When I opened my eyes I was lying upon my own bed with my head in a bandage. The bright streaks of morning light struggled through the curtained window and rested on the patchwork quilt.

I attempted to rise but a kindly voice requested me to lie still and rest. Soon I learned that I had been found unconscious upon the deck of the *Cœur de Lion*, my broken ankle caught securely between two timbers. A heavy block, dislodged by the wind, probably at the moment of my keenest fear, had inflicted a deep gash across my forehead.

Some days later I learned upon inquiry that as the searching party had approached the ship a couple of great snowy owls had darted out from the recess of the hatchway with screams of defiance and indignation at thus being robbed of their daily rest.

They had evidently been nesting there for some time for the deck was strewn with feathers and many were stained with blood, as if a deadly battle for ownership had recently taken place.

The Way to School

MARY ELLA PERRY

The way to school is a stretch of city street with the houses lined up on each side like a spelling class ready for a match, and the car tracks run down the center in due order. In fact it is quite a usual bit of street and does just what you expect of it. This is the way the street appeared to me when I first walked down it, but after having traveled it several times a day for a goodly space, in all moods and in all weather, it has grown to have a personality of its own. Every day some new aspect, some lovable oddity has revealed itself, until their accumulation has formed a sort of catalogue of daily delights, as it were.

There is, to begin with, on looking up and down the length of it, a long sweep of tracks, a medley of cars and people and houses, and then the spires rising up at the far end. Then in a charmingly illogical order, the procession of sights and sounds proceeds — never any day alike — but a motley array ranging from the proverbial sublime to the ridiculous. There are the great patient horses

which always set me wondering what indomitable force it is that keeps them living on to the end of their lives — for who knows what?

Again sometimes the sight of the cars and automobiles running about all by themselves, strikes me ludicrous and for an instant makes the whole scheme of things. Life's mechanisms, its goings and comings, and paraphernalia generally seem wildly amusing and almost silly — like a grotesque dream of some sleeping giant who will shortly wake up and spill *us* out of his head.

Then there are the fruitstands with washed-faced apples; the vines running in dismayed fashion over some of the houses; a policeman who carries the tiny school children across the street in his big arms; the versatile buildings which can have any kind of a show from palm-tree displays down to chickens; the exciting movie signs, a certain lordly gray cat, and best of all near the end of the trip, is a broad clear space of sky, where deft invisible fingers daily place a new display of sky and cloud. Here is a railroad bridge where the smoke is exquisitely designed by the nature of things at the moment — and then curls and re-curls, and separates and reunites over and over until the eye is distracted by the beauty of it. Also the desire to go — oh, anywhere — gets started into life by the sight and sound of the trains — and why, by the way, do we want to go? What of thought or memory is it ever possible to leave behind us? They usually travel faster than we and await us at our destination.

All of these things, and many more taken together, form the character of the street — a thing of varying moods under varying skies. These moods, in their turn are memorable. I shall never forget the picture of it at such differing times:

There are the clear shining days, when the lines of the houses are startlingly distinct in every detail and all the little climbing spires beside the great spires are so clearly seen that they can be counted; when everybody looks as if they had just dropped a burden around the corner; when the wind blows wings and flags and clouds into riotous disorder about the sky, and the whole world is one gay laugh.

Then the snowy days, when it seems as though a spirit has suddenly gone through the world with a finger on its lips, whispering: "Hush — hush-sh-sh" and has filled even the street with its gracious deeds. What the snow can take and do with an ordinary door-post is comparable to nothing as for miracles, lest it be what a kind spirit can do for a commonplace day.

But best of all is the dear old street on rainy days. It is really snug at such times. The sky is so protectingly near, the bricks of pavements and houses show new colorings, and the people, suddenly bereft of high, indifferent airs, are invested with a convenient humility (for who could be high and mighty carrying an umbrella)?

Then last, there is the foggy weather when the spires slip up into the mist like vanishing dreams and some vast unspeakable loneliness overwhelms the

world, and each person walks alone with the inscrutable yearnings of his own spirit.

Yes, quite a wonderful bit of street after all and I like to think that I should walk it thus every day of my life. And even after I had died there would still be an incalculable store of riches in it which I had ne'er dreamed of.

The Lure of the Camera

GENEVIEVE MCGILL

Having your photograph taken is, perhaps, the most excruciating pleasure you may ever hope to experience.

Of course you never dream of undergoing the agony until urged by "particular" friends to present them with a glorified likeness of yourself.

After several months of earnest thought and contemplation, you decide to offer yourself an unwilling sacrifice on the altar of friendship.

You telephone to make an appointment, hoping you have chosen a time when the photographer is not at liberty, but he is! "Just one hour left this week and will be so pleased to see you."

The fated day arrives. You present yourself at the office; from there you are led into a small room, yes, very small; in fact one might call it the least common multiple of an 8' x 10'. Here you proceed to array yourself in an outfit you hate to wear; your "crowning glory" is strangely perverse, and after a careful study of your features, you realize that you will never look like the few who are fortunate enough to become "classics," remaining as eternal illustrations of what this particular photographer can do for those who are *by nature* good to look upon.

Next you are ushered into a larger room with a very solemn atmosphere. You marvel at detached staircases, and windows where people stand with that "far away look." You know, because you have seen such things depicted.

Being thoroughly frightened by this time, you sit quietly and with an obvious show of resignation, allow your head to slip away into a tortuous-looking iron frame. At last you recognize the *bliss* of an hour with the dentist.

Indignation is written plainly on your face. Why should he ask you to *smile*? Your *agony* is surely manifest. Nevertheless, you do grin a little, because if you didn't, you know very well he would make you laugh outright by winding a mechanical toy or wiggling a wooly dog, which would be the last straw.

You venture to address your torturer by saying you "look perfectly frightful" but he assures you that you are of your "sex and species the æsthetic triumph of creation."

Another man now appears, a tall blond youth, who hides his face as quickly as possible, then pushes a huge mechanism in your direction. "All right, look straight ahead," your captor thunders. The confederate takes aim and fires! You swoon, but you are not slain, in fact you recover. Quietly you withdraw, overcome by the prospect of seeing home once more.

In a week you call for your proofs. They *prove* nothing to you except that you are far less attractive than you dreamed; even when you were as blue as indigo and hated yourself.

Your friends do not agree as to which looks least like you (really, it is hard to judge), and ultimately you end this harrowing adventure by going back to make arrangements for another sitting.

The Triumph of the Feather Duster

GERTRUDE KEISTER

Spring was in the air, there could be no doubt of it! Men and women walked more briskly down the icy streets; shop windows, formerly soft with furs and sombre velvets, began to show faint hints of lavender and rose; even the hats perched on waxen models assumed a jauntier tilt; students, thronging the great city, to-day were carrying bags of dreams; even the conductors on the crowded cars seemed more nearly human — one unbent sufficiently to answer a question in an almost civil manner.

Spring? Yes, it was spring; bringing with it all the age-old memories; all its half-sensed possibilities; all its promises to mortals, could they hear the Pipes o' Pan and catch the hidden meaning from his heart of song. The earth was young again and all her children were vibrant with a stronger pulse of life.

Walking down the street in the teeth of a brisk March wind, came the very incarnation of all the youth of the world. A girl, tall, slender, every movement instinct with life and grace. There was courage in the proud poise of the head; a hint of a little too reckless independence about the lovely mouth; and suddenly in her eyes, a touch of the faintest wistfulness.

"Lilies-of-the-valley," she murmured softly; "it *is* their fragrance! The fairies are ringing their bells in the valley of happiness, miles and miles away. Nancy! What a foolish girl you are! 'Tis only a whiff from a florist's shop. *Florist's shop!* Oh, this endless city —"

Her musings were suddenly interrupted. A tall young man, a very presentable young man indeed, had spied the slender figure in its spring-like garb of green, and crossed the street to meet her, saying quickly,

"Hello, Nancy! Going home? Let me come — I promise I'll be good and leave in just thirty-one minutes."

"It is yourself, Hal? Shure, and why not make it the one without the thirty?" teased Nancy. "Nay, you know you're welcome; but for your own sake, I'm warning you not to propose to-day. I'm liable to accept!"

The young man reddened. "Oh, now, look here, Nancy,' tism't fair to laugh at me. Goodness knows I *try* to stop proposing to you, but it seems to have become a habit! However, I'll be darned if I do it any more for a month! Maybe by that time you'll be so grateful for my forbearance that you'll accept me heart and hand."

"Not a chance, Hal," laughed Nancy. "I'm much too busy. But come on up to the house. You can stay out on the fire-escape while I straighten the suite. At present it may be a sight for gods, but certainly not for *men*!"

The two walked on chatting merrily. Nancy's mercurial spirits soared happily, her momentary unhappiness forgotten. Human companionship is a blessed thing; just the comfort of being with one well known and liked often banishes anguish that seemed to rack the heart. Yet often, too, that sense of comfort is tragical since not understood; for 'tis sometimes the herald of a deeper happiness — potential; a messenger of the little god of love to stupid folk buried deep in commonsense.

At last Nancy and Hal reached the apartment house, where Nancy and her two student friends were playing at keeping house for the winter. One was just coming down the walk. Nancy hailed her with joy, robbing her of the house key that traveled around erratically among the three — the other two keys had disappeared during the soul-stirring times of house cleaning — and ran gayly up the steps calling over her shoulder, "Hurry up, Hal! I'll beat you to the elevator."

Hal Morrison smiled. "You're a reckless little creature, Nancy; actually you make *me* dizzy with your whirlwind life. You'd better stop it, and settle down, little lady. Now wait a minute! I'm going to open that door. These blooming elevators are uncanny things."

"Aren't they?" chuckled Nancy, fitting herself comfortably into a corner and giving the button a rather vindictive little push. "This one always reminds me of the man in Arabian Nights that said 'Open Sesame' with such marvelous results. Only I'm constantly afraid the apparatus will get stubborn and refuse to come. I'm sure it has human intelligence."

"Living near you, it's apt to, Nancy, my dear," Hal said with mock-gallantry.

"Now drop that possessive pronoun," scolded Nancy. "I don't mind being 'dear'; but the horrible atmosphere of domesticity, and general marital freedom that goes along with the 'my' makes me see row upon row of feather dusters whisking my remnants of soul into eternal waste-paper baskets. I don't like it — ough!"

The young man smiled a little sadly.

"Well, Nancy — dear," he said, "I shan't argue with you, but oh, little woman, if you could only realize that happiness, true happiness, is just as apt to lie with your dusters as with your restless wanderings. 'Home-keeping hearts,' remember! but there! Run along in, and whisk those kimonas under the couch, while I smoke on the fire-escape."

Nancy sighed, a trifle penitently, and back to her eyes came the shadow of a dream, and over her face came the wistful look the lilies-of-the-valley brought; but she opened her door and with an occasional glance at Hal, commenced bustling about with an air of great importance, singing softly to herself:

"Happiness, happiness, where have I laid you?
Caught one day from the skies' bright blue;
Treasured in sunshine, sparkling with diamonds
Dancing on rose-leaves, glist'ning in dew"—

Nancy broke off abruptly, saying indignantly to herself, "Feather dusters? — *Never!*" Then aloud, "Come in, Hal; the room is swept and garnished. Don't we look nice?"

"Most magnificent, Nancy. Now for the first five of those thirty-one minutes, I'm going to give you your final opportunity to embrace the feather dusters — and incidentally, *me!*" Hal grinned boyishly. "O pshaw! I can't joke about this, Nancy. I've been hanging around this town — *you* chiefly — so long that I've lost all sense of proportion, and I'm apt to laugh at things nearest to my heart and weep when I draw a royal straight. Truly, Nancy, I can't stand this any longer. If you don't accept me to-day I'm going to leave for Colorado to-morrow. Jack Dilger has offered me a cracking good job as electrical engineer with the Elkhorn Coal and Coke Company, and I'm going to work. Nancy, dear, if it could only be work for *you* —"

Nancy gasped. "Again? Oh, Hal, you promised!"

"Yes, I know I did; but a fellow isn't wholly responsible around you, Nancy. You're the best little chum that ever lived when a fellow just *likes* you, — but you're a *witch*, a tantalizing, aggravating, charming little witch when he loves you. And Nancy, I'm lonely. Life's a dreadful bore when you're anchorless —"

Nancy dropped her head on her hands a moment, then looked up with all the rebellious protest that — for all the warmth and truth in her heart — had so often led her impulsively astray.

"But Hal, it's the everlasting sameness of this matrimony thing I hate! Oh, I can't do it. I love this way of living. I adore the happy, care-free irresponsibility of it. Houses stifle me! Happiness can't lie in feather dusters; tho' I'm sure I don't know where it is. I've mislaid mine," and Nancy smiled but with a wistful little quiver of the mouth. "I caught it once, ages ago, perhaps, before the world and you and I were made; but now it only comes to me in faint whispers of fragrance, like a dear, half-forgotten memory. Sometimes, Hal, I feel I'm

fated to be unhappy — that happiness will come and pass, and I shall know him — too late."

Nancy suddenly rose with a reckless little toss of the head.

"But yet I can't tell now. Please go, Hal; I'm sorry, but you must."

Hal caught her hand in his.

"Very well, dear! It's all right. I understand. But I'm not going to give up hope yet. I can't help you to know yourself now, tho', Nancy dear. It seems my presence only adds to your uncertainty. So good-bye, God keep you, dear. If ever — Oh, Nancy, there won't be *many* feather dusters! But no — Good-bye!"

Before Nancy could speak, Hal caught her in his arms, kissed her, and was gone.

* * * * *

Six days passed; six long, gray days. Nancy went about her daily occupations, but down at her heart was an ache, a definite, unmistakable ache that had never been there before. Not even to herself, though, would she really admit her loneliness.

There was her art! but art seemed suddenly longer than the road to righteousness, and a bloodless, lifeless thing, colder than the arctic snows. Most unaccountably Nancy found herself listening, breathless, each morning, for the postman's ring. Why, she didn't know. Certainly she didn't expect Hal to write; he had realized how ineffectual letters were. At every footstep in the hall she started, then shook herself in disgust. Gracious! She wasn't in love with Hal; and besides his footsteps couldn't be sounding in the hall unless the bell rang first; why, to be prosaic and technical, he'd have to climb the fire-escape if he didn't ring and ask for admittance!

But hearts are known to be illogical things.

By the seventh day Nancy had gained the proud ability to cast merely a casual glance in passing, as it were, upon the mail-box; she steadfastly refused to walk up to it and reach two small fingers down inside to be *sure* that — well, to be sure that — oh, any miracle might happen! Perfectly good letters have been known to get twisted up into such tiny strips that they were quite invisible. To be sure, such cases are rare, but they have been known to occur.

On the eighth day, though, the bell rang furiously in the afternoon. It was the postman! With a parcel-post package mailed from Philadelphia. Nancy took off wrapping after wrapping; and then as the contents were revealed, stared in amazement, not unmixed with mirth. In her hand was an elegantly bound copy of "House Craft Made Interesting. The Modern Science for Woman."

"Well, at any rate, it's a very pretty book," smiled Nancy, "tho' I'll wager it's a horrid bore. I shan't punish myself with reading it, that's certain," and she tucked it away in a corner of the book-case.

The next night Nancy's room-mate, Beatrice Fairfax, searching for her Kipling, discovered "House Craft," and haled it forth in high glee.

"Oh, come here Edna!" She called to the other member of the triumvirate, who was busily studying in her room. "Nancy's going in for domestic science and the sheltered life for women. How have the mighty fallen!"

"Just because some practical joker chooses to waste his perfectly good cash, I don't have to read the thing," retorted Nancy, with some spirit. "Oh, what's that? The postman this late?"

It was; and he bore with him a handsomely bound edition of the collected magazines of *Good Housekeeping* for the preceding year. Close upon the heels of this arrival came a letter from the publishers of the *Good Housekeeping* and *Ladies' Home Journal* with the information that they took pleasure in sending Nancy, beginning with that month, a year's subscription to their respective magazines.

Then followed an uneventful week, entirely empty of packages. Surely the general of this campaign was a genius. Just when Nancy was beginning to feel the weight of *ennui* a large, square, interesting-looking package arrived. It was flat and thin — what could it be? Nancy unwrapped it hastily, with no small degree of anticipation — it was a large, hand-painted, brilliantly colored reproduction of a feather duster! Nancy collapsed upon the sofa, helpless with mirth. When Edna and Beatrice arrived, they found the feather duster usurping the proud position the Winged Victory had held, nor could all their piety or wit avail to change its station!

Nancy herself was reposing upon the sofa, immersed in a book which she dropped hastily, but with a studied attempt at nonchalance, among the pile on the table, as she rose and hurried out to the kitchenette to prepare dinner.

From the clatter of utensils floating out forthwith to the ears of the other two girls, they judged that "things were toward" in the culinary department; and they were right. A most strange and wonderful concoction in the way of dessert greeted their astonished eyes a little later.

"What in the world, Nancy?" asked Beatrice. "Are you sure it's *safe*, my dear?"

Nancy flushed indignantly. "Now you needn't think I *can't* cook, just because I don't choose it as a profession! Commonsense teaches you one or two things."

"Your pronoun was properly chosen, Nancy," murmured Beatrice teasingly; "but so far as I can see, we still get no light on this particular product. Is it genius? For pardon me, my dear, it doesn't look like commonsense! And *are* you sure it has enough nitrogenous properties, Nancy?"

Nancy's tip-tilted nose elevated itself two inches in the air, as she said,

"That shows how much *you* know, Beatrice Fairfax. Desserts aren't supposed to be nitrogenous; they're carbonaceous."

"I knew it, Edna," exulted Beatrice; "she *has* been studying 'House Craft.' How could you support a family on \$1,500 a year, Nancy? Isn't that what Hal gets, Edna? Oh, come back, Nancy. Be a sport!"

But Nancy had fled!

The next mail from the West brought a legal-looking document and several pamphlets. The document was a blue-print of a bungalow that made Nancy's heart beat more warmly in spite of itself; the pamphlets were from the architects who designed it, treating interestingly of woods and stains, and built-in book-cases, open fireplaces — everything about a house that a home should have.

Nancy spread the plans out on her table, and fell to interested discussion with herself.

"Now if only these were French windows,— and if that porch went *all the way 'round*, it could be ever so much nicer," she decided. "Den? Now what in the world would this house want with a den? Oh, well! Yes, I reckon there ought to be a man in it,"— grudgingly. "Somebody would have to fire the furnace, and maids are much too expensive. But gracious me! I've no time to be wasting like this." And Nancy swept the whole collection into her chiffonier drawer.

The next day, with no reason nor excuse for such madness, she deliberately decided upon the colors she would like for each room. She hesitated long over the living room — twenty-three feet long it was, with a big open fireplace.

"Green is certainly the most restful color," deliberated Nancy. "Green it shall be! And the woodwork shall be golden oak, and the furniture green wicker, with gray covers splashed all over with pink roses, luscious pink roses — Oh! What's that? The postman again? Well, it's a good thing. I'm getting almost sentimental! Oh, dear, my heart *isn't* just comfortable!"

Two packages this time met Nancy's eager gaze. One, big, bulky, the other, thin and flat. She opened the big one first — out tumbled six black cloths, with gloves fastened to the back! There was a circular attached: "Dustless dusters, warranted hygienic — takes the place of the old-fashioned unsanitary feather duster — every housewife needs them."

"Oh, Hal, Hal, you're a darling!" Nancy laughed, but tenderly. "And what, oh, *what* is this other one?"

"This other" was a kodak picture of a young man on horseback — his eyes looking straight into Nancy's from some Colorado hill, miles and miles away.

* * * * *

The next day, out at a busy mine near Denver, a young electrician had just finished his morning ablutions, arrayed himself in the spotless khaki that betrayed the tenderfoot, and was starting out the door to the shaft. He stopped a moment on the threshold and drew from his pocket the picture of a merry, roguish face, looking at it whimsically but tenderly.

Nancy, dear," he murmured, "will you love me or hate me, I wonder, for this deluge of things domestic I've been turning loose upon you? Please God it may be the former, little girl. Oh, Nancy, Nancy, if you could only learn to know your own true self as I have faith to believe I know it, little woman —"

The manager's son came running up the hill. "Here, Sir," he broke out, "here's a telegram for you. Dad said it just came. Is there any answer?"

Hall tore open the envelope, and instantly the words were graven on his heart.

"Answer? No!" His joyousness bubbled in his voice. "But say! Tell your father I've changed my mind. I accept that leave of absence he offered me last night. I'm leaving for Boston on the 9.45. If you get my horse up here in five minutes you'll never regret it, son."

This was the telegram:

"Picturesqueness preferable to Sanitation. Please bring one feather duster.

"Nancy."



"If" (For Emersonians)

(With Apologies to Kipling)

If you can go to class, when all about you
Are cutting theirs and trying to make you;
If you can trust yourself, when teachers doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting, too.
If you can wait, and not get tired in waiting
For rehearsals, which they never have,
Or being Captain, don't give way to chatting
And yet don't look too cross, or talk too bad.

If you can walk just like a man, or master,
If you can storm like Kate,— be not too tame!
If you can meet with Romeo and Juliet
And treat those lovelorn lovers just the same;
If you can bear to hear the scene you've coached
Ripped up by Tripp, and never shed a tear,
Or watch the scene you gave your life to, roasted,
Why, then, you just belong right here.

If you can make one heap of all your blue books,
And start to write them when it's nearly ten,
But not let midnight study spoil your good looks,
And not forget that you must wind "Big Ben";
If you can force your last week's small allowance
To pay your bills long after they are due,
And so keep on, when there is nothing for you,
Except Exams, which say, "Plug on!" to you.

If you can take Expressive Voice and Ethics,
Debate, "Extemp," and "Taming of the Shrew,"
Also Dramatic Training and Forensics
And Evolution of Expression, too;
If you can fill your vacant periods
With sixty seconds' worth of time improved,
Your place is here at dear old Emerson
And what is more — you'll be a Grad — oh, do!

BEATRICE ELINOR PERRY

Opportunity

PERCY ALEXANDER

This I dreamed — no, by George, I saw it!
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;
And underneath the cloud, and in it, sped
A train — full blast! And men sneezed, and
Ladies yawned with grimy fingers 'gainst their rougèd lips.
A dainty damsel sighed, then settled
Backward, bored but brave!
A craven hung from out an upper berth,
And said, "Had I the fortunes of the country's blest —
The yellow gold from Rockefeller's vaults —
But this poor thing!" he flung it from his hand,
And stretched full length, like one who had a million!
Then came the grinning Africanus down the line,
All penniless, and spied the glittering quarter where it lay,
And snatched it up, and ran and bought
A whisk-broom, and with battle shout
He brushed the travelers down, and let no dust escape,
And banked ten dollars that heroic day! (Good way!)

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Flower—Marguerite

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Founded at Emerson College of Oratory, 1902

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Motto

"Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

Dramatic Index

The Deep Symbolic Meanings of Plays in Boston

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"MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"	<i>Junior Prom</i>
"COMEDY OF ERRORS"	<i>Freshman Stunt</i>
"AS YOU LIKE IT"	<i>Senior Stunt</i>
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"THE TEMPEST"	<i>Emerson Exercises</i>
"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL"	<i>Commencement</i>
"MEASURE FOR MEASURE"	<i>Costumes for Dramatic Art</i>
"SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL"	<i>Emerson College of Oratory</i>
"THE PHANTOM RIVAL"	<i>Laura Curtis</i>
"THE RIVALS"	<i>Marian John and Virginia Vedder</i>
"PANTHEA"	<i>Ruth Southwick</i>
"MIS-LEADING LADY"	<i>Mildred Southwick</i>
"OUTCAST"	<i>The Seniors</i>
"INNOCENCE"	<i>The "Co-eds"</i>
"DIPLOMACY"	<i>Faculty Criticisms</i>

POST-GRADUATE PRODUCTIONS

INSTRUCTED BY MRS. HICKS

Fennel	Land of the Heart's Desire
The Romancers	Comedy and Tragedy
Holly Tree Inn	In Honor Bound
The Game of Comedy	Cæsar and Cleopatra

SENIOR PRODUCTIONS

INSTRUCTED BY PROFESSOR TRIPP

Pygmalion and Galatea	The School for Scandal
Gringaire	She Stoops to Conquer
King René's Daughter	The Shadow of the Glen
David Garick	A Set of Turquoise
Nance Oldfield	The Decision of the Court
Birthright	Rosalind

THE CLASS OF 1915 EMERSON COLLEGE

PRESENTS

"EVERYSTUDENT"

A MORALITY PLAY

Adapted from Walter Brown's "Everywoman"

BY

GEORGETTE JETTÉ

ASSISTED BY

GENEVIEVE MCGILL

December 17, 1914

CANTICLE I. EVERYSTUDENT'S HOME.

Everystudent, with her three companions, becomes discontented in her home, because there Nobody admires her, Flattery comes to her, and exaggerating her power of expression, persuades her to seek for Art and win the applause of the world. Everystudent believes him and goes in quest of Art.

CANTICLE II. AT EMERSON COLLEGE.

Everystudent comes to Emerson, where the Faculty aid her in her quest. They tell her to make Work her friend but Everystudent finds Work too hard and is afraid of her. Pink Tea, Maxixe and a host of Little Things beguile Everystudent. They make her forget Work. Dazed and bewildered she loses Simplicity and mistakes Artifice for Art.

CANTICLE III. AT EMERSON COLLEGE.

After fruitless wanderings and many little adventures, Everystudent becomes weary in her search for Art, and almost despairs of ever finding her. Far wiser than at the beginning of her quest, she turns to Work whom she now sees to be beautiful. Work, in return for Everystudent's love, shows her a vision of Art.

Nobody	OLIVE GROVER
Everystudent	GRACE BIGLER
Youth	REBECCA FARWELL
Talent	BEATRICE PERRY
Simplicity	LAURA MEREDITH
Flattery	HELEN BAXTER
Work	ELIZABETH STURDIVANT
Pink Tea	ALICE WHITE
Maxixe	RUTH SOUTHWICK
Artifice	EMILY BROWN
Art	HELEN GEORGE
Vocal Technique	EDWIN D. FLANDERS, JR.
Argumentation	NAOMI WILLIAMSON
Anatomy	FLORENCE WESTBROOK
Oratory	LOUISE MACE
Articulation	LOUISE HAINLINE
Impersonation	MARION VINCENT
Ethics	NELLIE MARRINAN
Gesture	CAROLINE JONES
Time	JESSIE MACALONEY

Aspirants — Pert, Shirk, Earnest, Butterfly, Dig, Grind and Star

MISSSES BRADLEY, BRADFORD, SMITH, RITCHIE, EVANS, SEIBEL and PRIVETT

The Little Things

MISSSES GILDERSLEEVE, WATERHOUSE, BENJAMIN, SNYDER, WELLS and CONANT

STUDENT COMMITTEE

ALBERT R. LOVEJOY, *Chairman*

MAY MILLER

MARION VINCENT

LOIS PERKINS

EDWIN D. FLANDERS, JR.

GEORGETTE JETTÉ

Pianist, GENEVIEVE MCGILL

Dances by Miss ELSIE RIDDELL, Emerson College

SOPHOMORE
THE CLASS OF 1917
EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY

PRESENTS

ALONG CAME TRUTH

BY

LAURENCE JOSEPH SMITH

Huntington Chambers Halls, Thursday, December 10, 1914

Characters

Truth Benson, the girl from Emerson	DOROTHY HOPKINS
Mrs. Amelia Benson, her mother	ASTRID NYGREN
Sheridan Love, the man from Emerson	BURTON JAMES
Gideon Gadgrind, a hypocrite	FRED W. HUBBARD
Euphemia, his submissive wife	HELEN REED
Professor Tuttle, principal of Peaksville Academy	GEORGE F. PEARSON
Alice, his blind daughter	FREDA WALKER
Hi Hoosier, the chore boy	CHARLES VINICK
Sarah Maud Perkins, with detective ambitions	LEODA MACALEER
Mr. Harry S. Ross, dean of Emerson College	LAURENCE J. SMITH
Mrs. Ross, his better half	LUCY UPSON
Miss Harriet Sleight, enthusiast collecting bones	MOLLY SAYER
Maggie Mixem, an escaped lunatic	MARJORIE LEACH
Grabem Quick, asylum guard	A. BARCLAY TALIAFERRO

Chorus of Students

THE MISSES JACK, BELLEFONTAINE, BARTEL, DEWIRE, HASZARD, HUNT, KING,
ROTHWELL, CALL, GREEN, KENNARD, SOUTHWICK, VAIL, VAN HOESEN
Pianist, LUCILE BARROW

Synopsis of Scenes

ACT I. Sitting room at Benson's Time: Near Christmas
ACT II. Peaksville Academy, an afternoon in Commencement Week, three
years later

Musical Numbers

"You Can't Get Away from It"
"The Girl from Emerson"

Committee

NETTIE HUTCHINS, *Chairman*

DOROTHY CANAGA
BURTON JAMES

LAURENCE SMITH
ELEANOR JACK



SOPHOMORE STUNT

EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY

Sixth Annual Production from the Elizabethan Drama

THE GRADUATE CLASS OF 1915 PRESENTS

"THE KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE"

By Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher

FOREWORD. "In its conception, 'The Knight of the Burning Pestle' is in a marked and peculiar sense original. Its place among the dramas of its age is unique and unapproached. In its function as a burlesque, it is the only complete embodiment of a new dramatic type.

"The satire in the play points in many directions. It is leveled at the romances of chivalry, together with the tastes of the reading members of the middle classes; it is leveled at the dunce-critics of the London shops, who presume to sit in judgment upon the playwrights; it is leveled at some of the childish diversions and foibles of the commoners, with an especial reference to their inflated military ardor.

"There are three comparatively distinct strands in the plot of the play: the love story of Jasper and Luce, the fortunes of the Merrythought family, and the adventures of Ralph. The last offers an excellent parallel, in its ridiculous laudation of the prowess of London prentice-boys, to the burlesque use of this theme in the play. The first two are realistic reflections of ordinary life merely, and drawn from the common subject-material of the stage."

Former Revivals

1910. "The Marriage of Wit and Science"
 1911. Jonson. "Every Man in His Humor"
 1912. Jonson. "The Silent Woman"
 1913. Chapman. "All Fools"
 1914. Shakespeare. "The Merry Wives of Windsor"

Produced under the direction of Mr. Walter Bradley Tripp

"THE KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE"

Dramatis Personæ

Speaker of the Prologue	MISS O'CONNELL
A Citizen	MISS McMICHAEL
His Wife	MISS HARRIS
Ralph, his apprentice	MISS McDONOUGH
First Boy	MISS BAILEY
Second Boy	MISS MICHEL
Venturewell, a merchant	MISS BROWN
Humphrey	MISS JOHN
Merrythought	MISS CURTIS
Jasper } his sons	{ MISS GRAF
Michael }	{ MISS BEAN
Tim } apprentices	{ MISS BEARD
George }	{ MISS STRICKLAND
Host of the Bell Inn	MISS BEATTIE
Tapster	MISS COOLBAUGH
Barber	MISS IGO
Sergeant	MISS O'CONNELL
William Hammerton	MISS IGO
George Greengoose	MISS COOLBAUGH
Soldiers	MISS BEATTIE, PERRY, MRS. LANGFORD, MISSES BROWN, DEMING, SPEAR, TARRANT
Gentlemen	MESSRS. ALLISON AND NEWTON
Luce, daughter of Venturewell	MISS BERAUD
Mistress Merrythought	MISS LYONS
Pomponia, daughter of the King of Moldavia	MRS. LANGFORD
Scene: London and the neighboring country, excepting Act IV, Scene 2, where it is in Moldavia.	



MAGAZINE BOARD

Emerson College Magazine

BELLE McMICHAEL	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
VIRGINIA BERAUD	<i>Associate Editor</i>
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LAURENCE J. SMITH	<i>Sophomore News</i>
MARGARET HYDE	<i>Freshman News</i>
ALBERT F. SMITH	<i>Business Manager</i>

Emerson College Magazine under the direction of the Students' Association is a true exponent of Emerson. It imbibes the Emerson atmosphere and sends it to all parts of the country to the alumni colleges interested in Oratory. The magazine serves as a connecting link between the graduates and their Alma Mater. It is the medium by which they may keep in touch with them. Within its pages are found articles pertaining to the technique of the work, contributed by persons of professional note and experience; cuttings appropriate for platform readings chosen from worthy literature; selected poems, and college and alumni news.

It is the aim of the magazine to bring each subscriber something of value in relation to this chosen work of Oratory.

Students' Council

In April, 1908, the students of Emerson College organized themselves into a Students' Association, the object being to unify the student body, and in a way to make the true Emerson spirit more keenly felt among the students, and to further the interests of the college.

The Association is officered by a president, a vice-president, secretary-treasurer, and the students' council. This council consists of three officers of the Association as officers *ex officio*, and twelve other members, three from each class. Regular monthly meetings are held by the council and here plans are discussed and recommended that help the student body as a whole and also the Alma Mater. This year the council has been busily engaged in paying off old debts of the Association amounting to accumulated sums.

The *Emerson College Magazine*, which is published once a month throughout the year, is under the control of the Association which has also had charge of the Annual Year Book — the EMERSONIAN, during the last four years.

It is the great unifying element of all the student body.



STUDENTS' COUNCIL



